

Australian PENTHOUSE

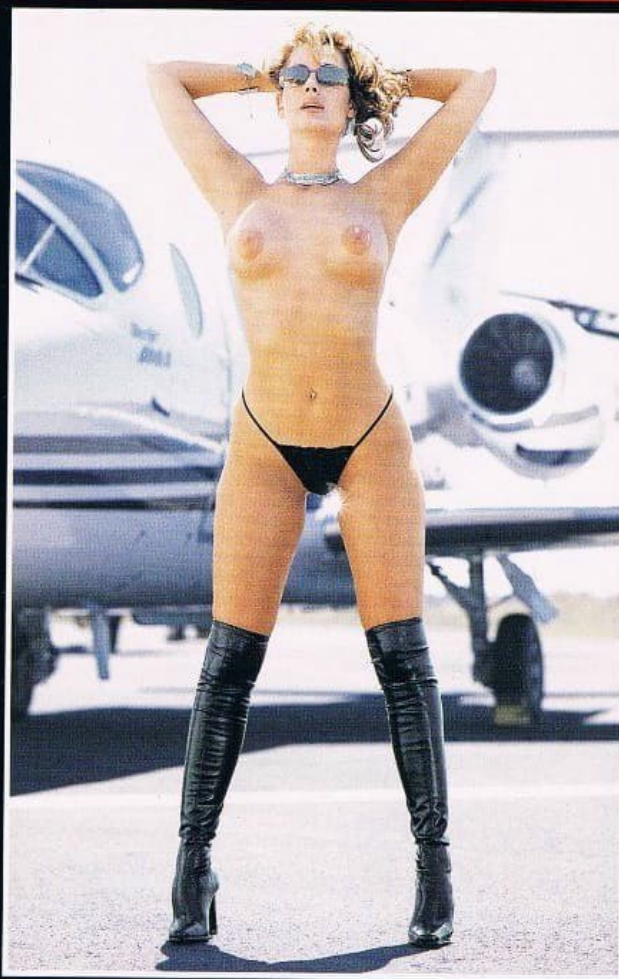
**MAGAZINE
OF THE YEAR**
Australian Adult Industry Awards

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST 2002 \$14.25 (incl. GST)

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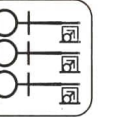
TAKE MY WIFE, PLEASE!

SWINGING IN THE SUBURBS

SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF SHANE WARNE

RESTRICTED	CATEGORY 2	209
	 NOT AVAILABLE TO PERSONS UNDER 18 YEARS	

PENTHOUSE



VOL 23 NO 8 AUGUST 2002 BLACK LABEL EDITION

features

Take My Wife... Please!

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Grab your missus and your towel and leave your inhibitions at the door, swinging in the suburbs is back with a vengeance. *Australian Penthouse* takes a peek at the largely misunderstood world of partner swapping.

By Antony Otera

The Seven Deadly Sins of Shane Warne

34

He's a role model and hero to countless teenagers and sports fans, but he's certainly no sacred cow. We enumerate the Seven Deadly Sins of cricket's bubble boy, Shane Warne.

By Neal Woolrich

The Messiah or Just a Naughty Boy?

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He's been described as "the saviour of music", "bigger than Jesus" and "louder than war". *Australian Penthouse* meets rock's latest superstar-in-the-making, Andrew WK.

By Janine Toms

Milking The Onion

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These quintessential outsiders are creating a media empire, including books, radio, Internet, and movie deals. But will success spoil one of the world's sharpest and funniest websites?

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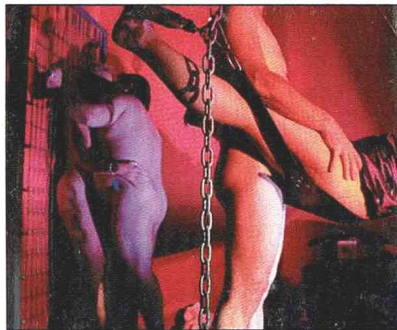
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By Hank Londoner

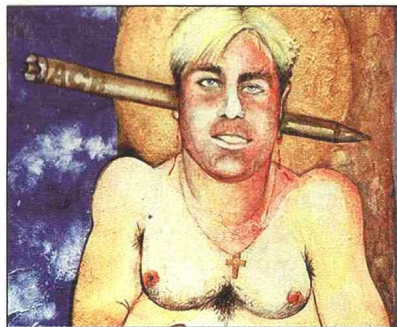
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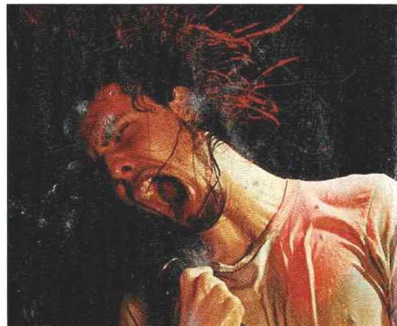
By Bob Ross



BYO sex club. p 26.



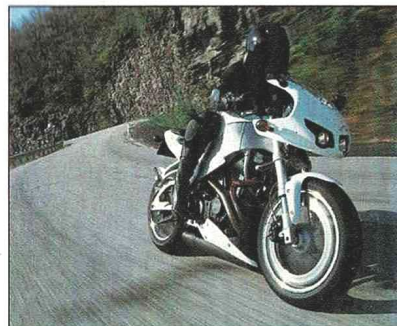
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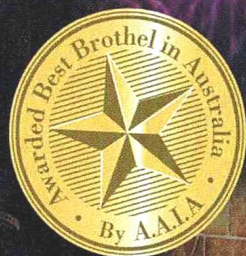


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Feedback

Given the Cole Shoulder

Kyla Cole (May 2002), that Internet glamour puss, is an absolute stunner! Never before have I seen such a beautiful woman grace the pages of your magazine (although I have seen her many times in your parent US publication).

I even went to the extreme recently of importing the *Pets in Paradise* DVD from the US just to get another look at those amazing eyes and that unbelievable body.

What a credit to *Australian Penthouse* that you have been able to secure her services for all of us down-under. And what a down-under she has! All natural both upstairs and down. "Not touched by Silicon", to take a line out of a recent song. My vote for Pet of the Year. — VJ, NSW

No Black and White, Plain and Simple

In general, the pictorial content of your magazine has satisfied me over the years. I prefer the clarity and sharp focus of *Australian Penthouse* to the soft, almost fuzzy, material so prevalent in your US counterpart.

100 percent natural and exclusive...
Kyla Cole.



However I have been disappointed by the recent use of black & white and the very plain women used as models, a trend most evident in your male/female couples sets.

Please get back to the beautiful, glamorous, exotic creatures that one cannot see next door or every day in the street. There are magazines that cater to those who want reader's wives and amateurs. Don't compete with them, stand high above them.

Your name says it, *Penthouse* — top floor. Give us girls like Zdenka (October 1999 and February 2000), Chloe, Jill, Kelly and Tara, (November 1999) and Sylvia (January

1999, May 2000, September 2000). Sylvia was also in your July 2001 issue, in black & white — what a waste.

I appreciate your effort to find an Australian girl for the centrespread but when you can't find a worthy contender take the approach you use generally: use the best from the world market.

Also, what's going on with the footwear? No more tennis shoes, gym boots or, worst of all, army boots. — Name and address withheld

One for the Troops

Thank you for your generosity in donating gifts to the soldiers of Plant Troop, 25th Support Squadron deployed to East Timor. I understand that you have many requests and I am thrilled that you chose to support us.

Your contribution helped make the Christmas and New Year a lot more bearable for my soldiers, especially being such a long distance from their families. It brought a smile to their faces. — Name and rank withheld O+

More girls like Zdenka (pictured) needed.



Australian PENTHOUSE

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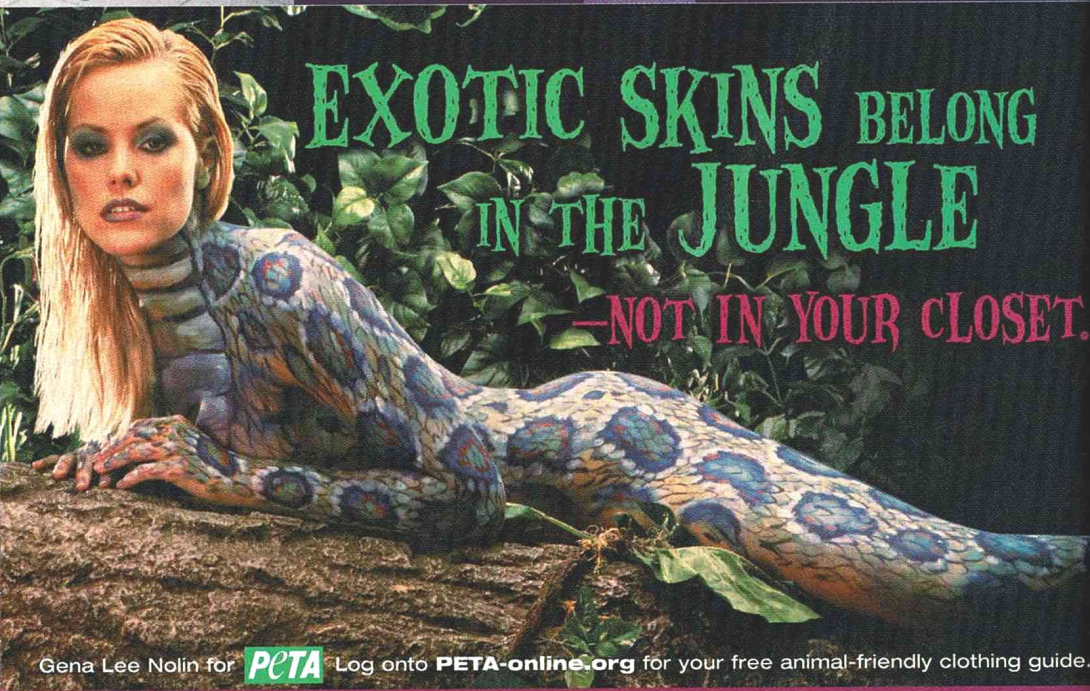
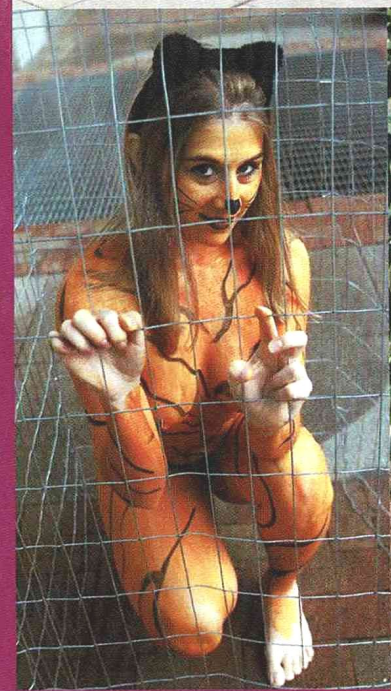
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-Christy Turlington



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The Naked Truth

Over the past few years the line between mainstream entertainment and its hard-core cousin has continued to blur, with more and more adult stars being featured in prominent roles. Now hard-core actress Serenity, star of such videos as *Crazed*, *Double Feature* and *Pornogothic*, has revealed a more deep-seated passion: animal rights, specifically as it concerns the use of animal skins in fashion.

She appears in an anti-leather campaign (pictured above left) sponsored by US group People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA). "Dead animal skins make a person look cold," she says of her tendency to, well, fake it. "It's easy to 'pleather yourself'."

The use of porn stars is the latest in a long line of publicity stunts that reflect the media savvy PETA's sex-positive nature. More mainstream celebs have lent their star power to the group's campaigns, including Kim Basinger and Christy Turlington (above).

In addition to celebrity-driven campaigns, nude and erotically body-painted models have been spotted outside circuses around the world, crawling around in cages to protest the use of animals as entertainment. Even PETA's staffers and volunteers have been known to strip down for the cause, parading naked with signs that read "Human Skin In — Animal Skin Out". To find out more visit www.peta.org.

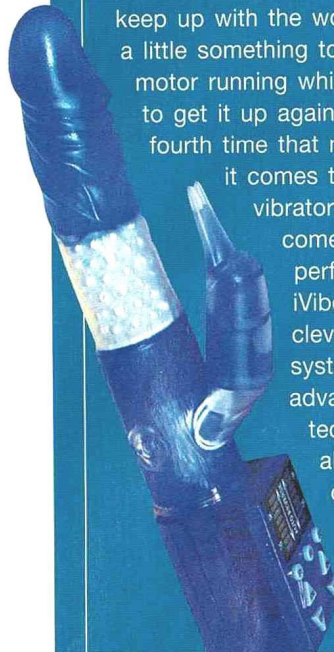
GIVE FUR THE COLD SHOULDER

Pamela Anderson for PETA

1. iVibe Rabbit Vibrator

For those times when you can't keep up with the woman, here's a little something to keep her motor running while you wait to get it up again — for the fourth time that night. When it comes to deluxe vibrators, none come as close to perfection as the iVibe Rabbit. A clever control system featuring advanced IC technology allows you to control the pulsing and vibration.

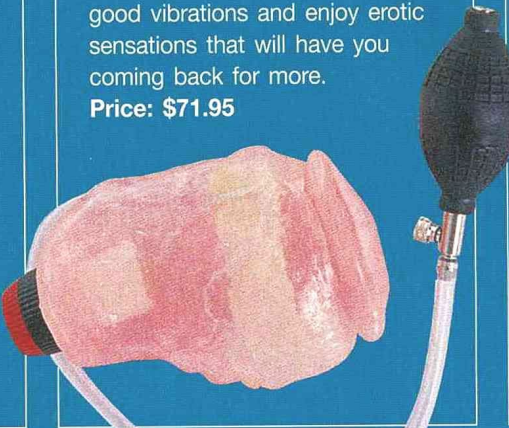
Price: \$199.95



2. Jelly Climaxer

Immerse yourself in the soft, pink folds of the Jelly Climaxer. You'll swear it's the real thing. Use the hand pump to create a vacuum that will suck you to life. The easy-to-use purge valve ensures your manhood will never be squeezed too hard. Turn on the good vibrations and enjoy erotic sensations that will have you coming back for more.

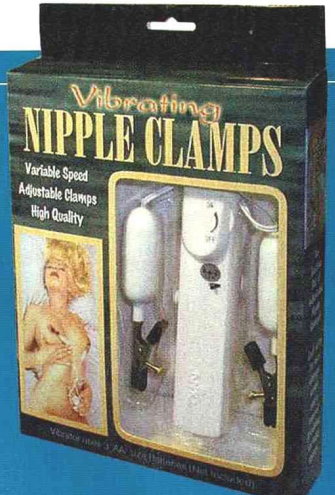
Price: \$71.95



3. Vibrating Nipple Clamps

Outrageously powerful stimulators. These black rubber-tipped clamps have a battery-operated control panel. Use the controls yourself, or hand them over and enjoy the ride. Clip them on and feel the vibrations!

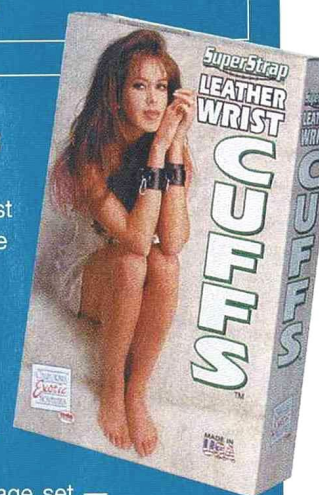
Price: \$59.95



4. Leather Wrist Cuffs

These fully adjustable wrist cuffs are made from genuine leather and come with buckles that attach to a SuperStrap to create the ultimate bondage set — without the need for bedposts.

Price: \$36.95 (SuperStrap sold separately).



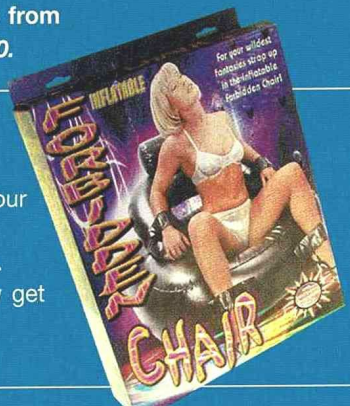
TOP 5 SEX TOYS

There's nothing like a sex toy to help spice up your sex life or to add a little variety to your foreplay. Our friends at AdultShop.com recommend the following must-have bedroom toys. Available from www.adultshop.com or **FreeCall 1800 609 000**.

5. Forbidden Inflatable Bondage Chair

Here's one for the kinky. Strap yourself or your woman into this PVC inflatable seat with adjustable padded wrist and ankle restraints. Included is a repair kit, should your sex play get a little rough.

Price: \$69.95



Hard as Ebony

They say once you try black, you never go back. This website does its best to convince you of this. For those who have a penchant for black women www.blacksweeties.com is one of the best. Offering more than 500,000 photos, thousands of explicit movies and live black girls 24/7. BlackSweeties brings you everything from the hottest ebony teens to the nastiest ghetto sluts. Watch them take on monster black cocks, incredible facials and DPs. New pics are added every day. There are explicit photos covering every

CYBERSEX

category including: blowjobs, cumshots, anal sex, DPs, group sex, lesbian sex and interracial sex.

Latina Arena

If you like Latina chicks (and who doesn't drool like Pavlov's dogs at the sight of Jennifer Lopez, Salma Hayek, Christina Aguilera et al?). You won't find those babes at www.petitelatinas.com, but you will find Latin chicks galore in all their

naked splendour. There's over 150,000 videos, explicit fetish action, live video, and you can chat with the girls.

Chicks with Dicks

If you're after the best of both worlds click onto www.americantranssexuals.com where you'll find heaps of horny pics of gorgeous she-males. They're every inch a woman — except for the eight inches of meat between their legs. There are some real stunners. Chicks with dicks might not be your thing but this site is definitely worth a visit.



What the censors don't want you to see.

Our covergirl for July 2002, Kate from Queensland, was gorgeous. The 19-year-old had beautiful eyes, great legs, and huge breasts. But you didn't get to see them. The Office of Film and Literature Classification won't let *Australian Penthouse* show a woman's nipples on the front of our magazine, so we made her cover them up (pictured above).

Unfortunately, despite similar images being okayed in *Black & White* magazine, a few of Kerry Packer's titles, *Wallpaper*, and even our own April issue, they still wouldn't let us run it.

They said:

"The depiction of nudity in this photograph is not considered to be very discreet and therefore not suitable for public display. The combination of the proportionate amount of body nudity and the emphasising of the breasts by the model's application of arm pressure to accentuate them is not considered to be low in impact."

So, instead we ran a shot of her with her bikini top on in our newsstand and Queensland issues. This is not the first time the censors have banned our women and it won't be the last.

For those who believe the Australian public should be able to choose what they wish to see, write to us at *Australian Penthouse*, Feedback, PO Box 4455, St Leonards 1590, or email to feedback@penthouse.com.au.

WIN \$1000

AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE ADULTSHOP.COM FORUM LETTER CONTEST



The 2002 Forum Letter of the Year Contest is now on, and we're once again offering \$1000 to the lucky reader who sends in the hottest letter. Five runners-up will each score a Horny Hamper worth \$100 from AdultShop.com. A panel of judges from *Australian Penthouse* will decide on the winner. So get typing, because entries close August 31, 2002. Or if you haven't had a sexual encounter worth sharing, get busy! And remember, this is not an erotic fiction contest — we want true stories!

Rules

- Letters should be no longer than 1500 words.
- Entrants must be 18 years or over as of May 2002.
- Entries must be typed on white A4 paper. Attach the entry form and send to Forum Letter Competition, PO Box 4455, St Leonards, NSW 1590.
- Alternatively, email penthouse-forum@gemkilt.com.au with your name, address and phone number at the top.
- Faxed and handwritten entries will not be considered.
- All submissions must be original. Letters previously submitted to Forum shall not be considered whether they have been published in *Australian Penthouse* or not.
- The winning entries will be published in the January 2003 issue of *Australian Penthouse*.
- Unless requested, names and addresses will be withheld.
- Judgement is made by editors of *Australian Penthouse* and their decision is final. No correspondence will be entered into.

By my signature below I certify that I have read and that I understand and agree to the rules and conditions under which I am submitting the attached letter to the Australian Penthouse Forum Letter Contest.

Name.....

.....

Address.....

.....

.....Postcode.....

Signature.....

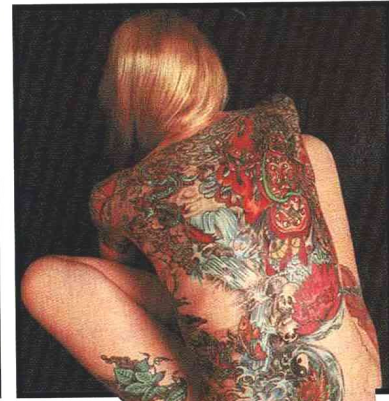
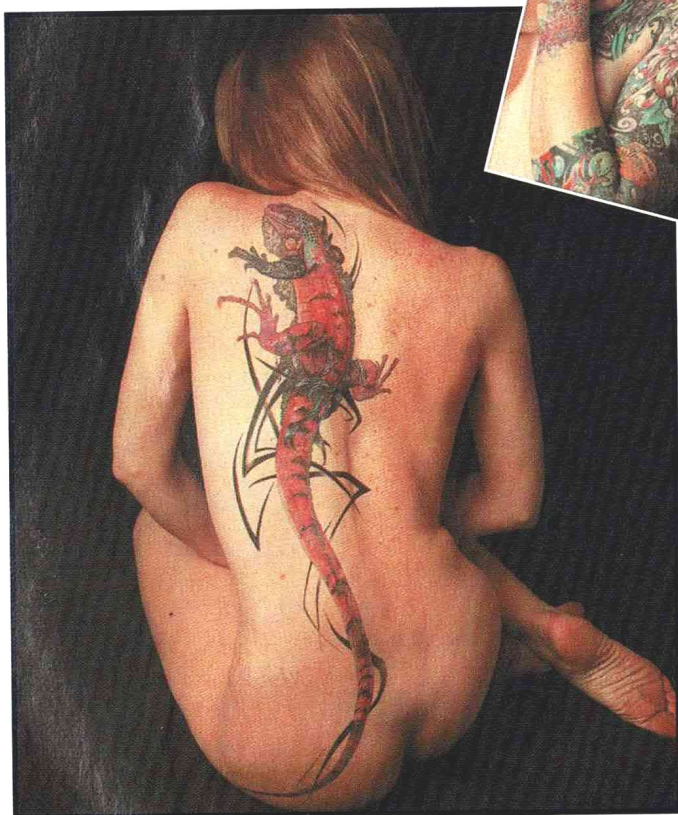
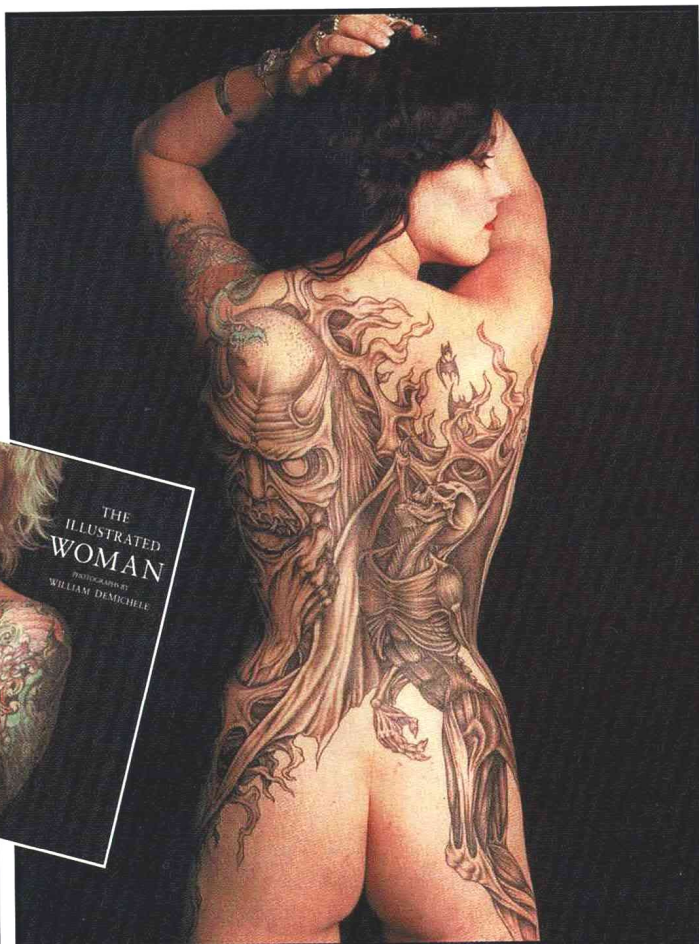
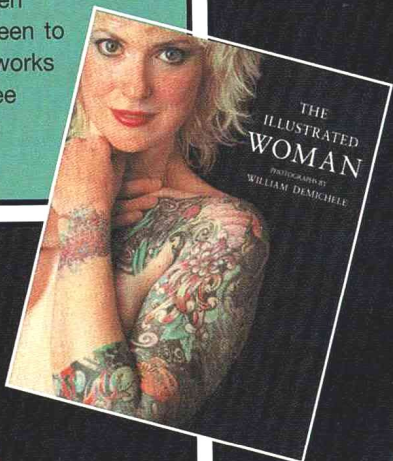
Phone.....

Tattooing has long been relegated to the awkward position of stepchild to more serious art forms; something indulged in by bikies, rock stars and wannabe celebrities.

But as more and more women get tattoos as a fashion accessory, these "moving pictures" are slowly making their way more into mainstream society.

Doing his bit to help break down the myopic view of skin art and promote tattooing as a legitimate means of self-expression is William DeMichele, whose photos of painted babes are on show in *The Illustrated Woman*.

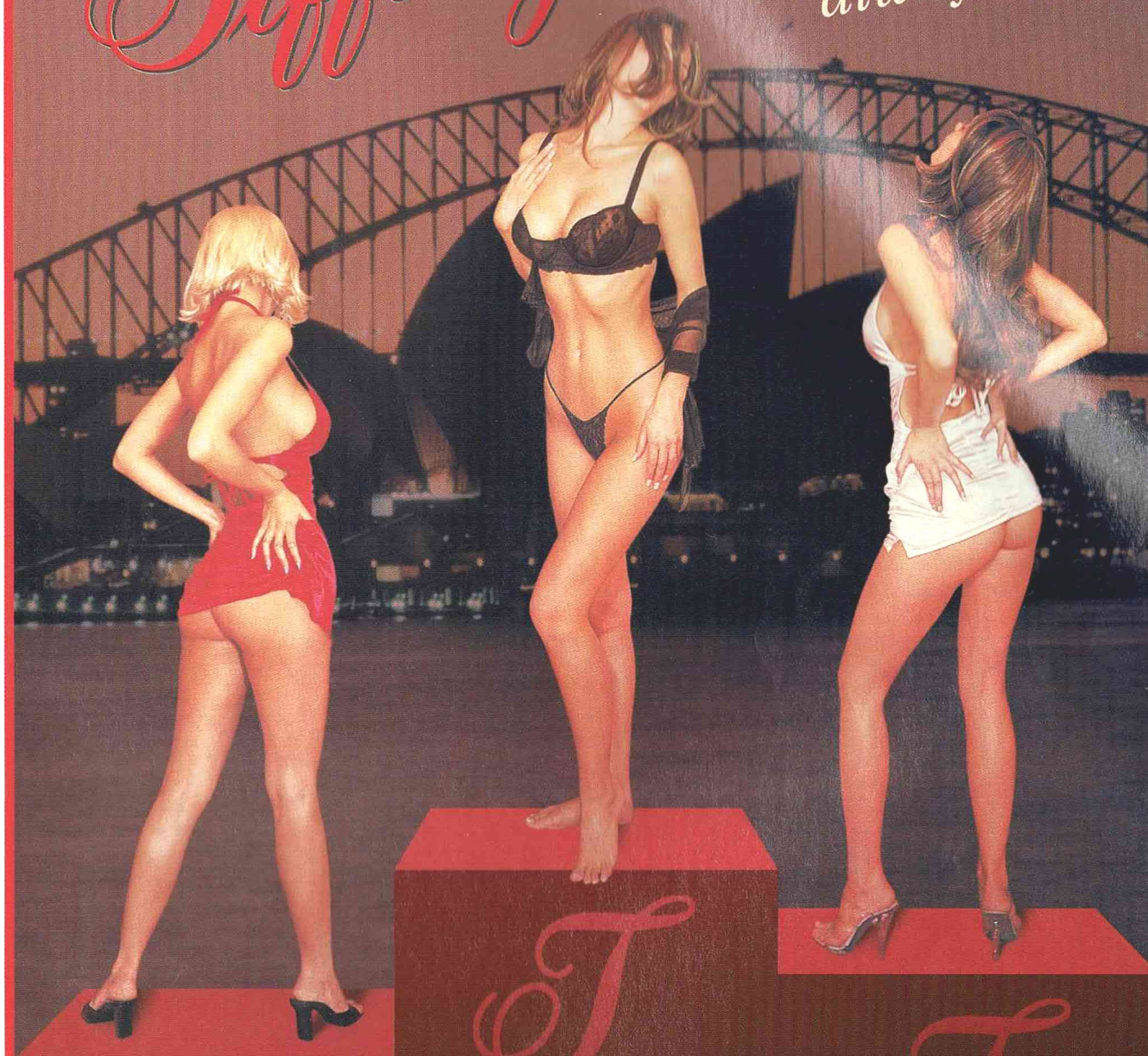
It contains colour photographs of women with an array of tattoos that have to be seen to be believed. There are some imaginative works of body art. A good addition to your coffee table collection. Available through www.proteuspress.com for US\$55.



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Bucks' Fizz

Long considered the poor cousin of bold reds and wonderful whites, the Italian sparkling wine is making a comeback — yes, even at bucks' parties.

When it comes to appetising wines, Italy has long been renowned for the production of raunchy reds and fruity whites, many of which find their way into our wine cellars and onto our dinner tables in Australia.

But the humble sparkling wine has long languished in the shadow of its publicity-hungry and arguably more fashionable "flat" cousins — until now.

Sparkling whites and reds have long been the staple drink for the designated driver. Often labelled "girlie drinks" because of their popularity at hens' nights, or "Clayton's wines" (the wine you're having when you're not having wine), and scoffed at by serious wine buffs, the sparkling variety is

finally emerging from obscurity. The former drink of choice at Schoolie's Week has now earned a rightful place on the table at "serious" dinner parties. They're even making a bold appearance at bucks' parties.

Not just a cheap alternative to champagne, these bright sparklers make a great accompaniment to various cold meats such as salami, mortadella and pastrami, or simply as a good palate cleanser.

And with spring just around the corner it might be a good idea to have a couple of these on hand as they make a cool, refreshing beverage when mates drop by.

Australian Penthouse roadtested a half dozen of the more popular labels. — **Antony Otera**



1. ASTI SPUMANTE

Asti is still the Italian sparkling wine par excellence. Its aromatic characteristics, its original fragrance, its even and natural amiability, have rendered Asti famous and inimitable throughout the world.

Scanavino Asti Spumante has a striking personality, derived from its rich and intense aroma and from the fragrance of its fruity and fresh taste. It is particularly well-suited to accompany desserts, fruits and sweet biscuits. It is also an exuberant celebration wine.

RRP: \$18.

2. CONCILIO CLARIUS BRUT

The cuvee used as a base to produce Clarius is made from chardonnay grapes grown on the hillsides overlooking Trento, a classic growing area for the production of quality sparkling wines.

The grapes are picked and selected by hand and vinified using the most modern techniques.

The base wine is subsequently refermented in stainless steel pressure tanks of 13,000 litre capacity using

the Charmat method, whereby the young wine is kept in contact with the fine lees for approximately six months. The young sparkling wine is subsequently filtered, the flavour adjusted using "liqueur d'expedition" and bottled.

RRP: \$20.

3. CONCILIO TALENTO TRENTO

The grapes for this drop are hand-picked and placed in small perforated plastic containers and vinified using the most modern techniques. The juice is then fermented at controlled temperatures and matured on lees for three to four months prior to tirage.

In the spring, the cuvee for the base is prepared to undergo a slow second fermentation in the bottle. The wine is kept with the lees for 40 months.

The wine has a very lively, vivacious perlage though it is not obtrusive. It is dry, well-structured and lightly aromatic.

RRP: \$29.

4. BARBERO MOSCATO

Here's a sparkling wine that's fragrant and fruity, with just the right touch of

sweetness. It comes from the Moscato Bianco grape, grown in the Piedmonte region of northern Italy.

The process of production of Barbero Moscato Spumante is carefully controlled at all stages. It is a delicate marriage of natural fermentation and preservation of the fruity aromas reminiscent of the Moscato Bianco grape. This creates a fresh, young wine, low in alcohol content (seven percent) with a delicately sweet flavour as a result of the natural sugar residual from the grapes.

Barbero Moscato Spumante is a festive sparkling wine suitable for all occasions — as an aperitif or as a refreshment at any time of day. It is at its best when accompanying desserts. Serve chilled.

RRP: \$11.

5. PROSECCO DI CONEGLIANO

Torralta Prosecco di Conegliano is a soft, dry, golden sparkling wine characteristic of this north-eastern region. Torralta Prosecco is produced in the hills between the ancient towns of Conegliano and Valdobbiadene, just north of Treviso in Italy.

The bouquet is fruity and somewhat reminiscent of wild apples. The taste is gentle, refreshing and round and leaves a very palate-cleansing aftertaste.

The perlage is fine and persistent. Torralta Prosecco is excellent as an aperitif, as an accompaniment to delicate foods and as a celebration wine. Great tasting.

RRP: \$17.

6. CAPRARI LAMBRUSCO

Caprari Lambrusco is a truly authentic Italian Lambrusco made from ancelotta grapes in the style of Lambrusco Grasparossa, which have the property of cleansing the palate and of helping to break down rich foods. It also hits the spot!

In this regard it goes very well with mortadella, salami and other similar smallgoods. It is brilliant purplish red in colour, with a magnificent initial "froth" and superb semi-sweet flavour. Caprari Lambrusco is the preferred Lambrusco in better Italian restaurants. Caprari Lambrusco can accompany most foods and is delicious on its own.

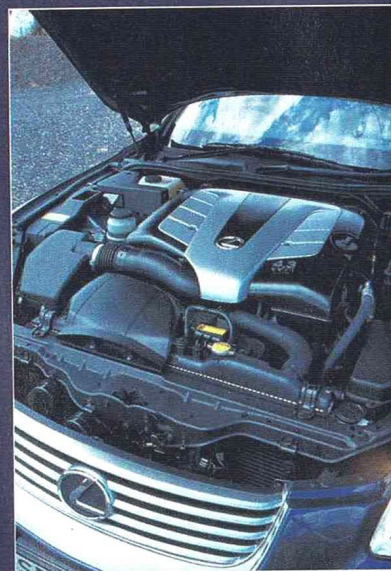
RRP: \$11.

Lexus SC430

Distinctively styled, draped in leather, and blessed with a superb V8 engine, at last there's a Lexus with real sex appeal.

So you've never included a Lexus in your list of highly desirable cars? Not surprising really, given that the brand is synonymous with luxury barges favoured by pin-striped company CEOs. But the new SC430 may make you think twice. Not just because it's the first Lexus with just a pair of doors, but because it's clearly been designed by somebody who enjoys their time behind the wheel.

The styling exhibits a hint



podded instruments, acres of Jaguar-style wood veneer and incredibly-comfortable seats which are on a par with anything you'd find in a German cruiser. There's leather everywhere and a Mark Levinson sound system with 440 watts of power and nine speakers (when the roof is down the audio system is automatically reconfigured for open air listening). All the sound gear is hidden behind high-polished veneered panels as is the screen for the car's DVD-based sat-nav system which is quicker than CD systems, but obviously still only as good as the map info stored on the disc (we fooled it a couple of times).

According to Lexus, the SC430 has a total of 22 electronic control units overseeing its operations,

Lexus SC430

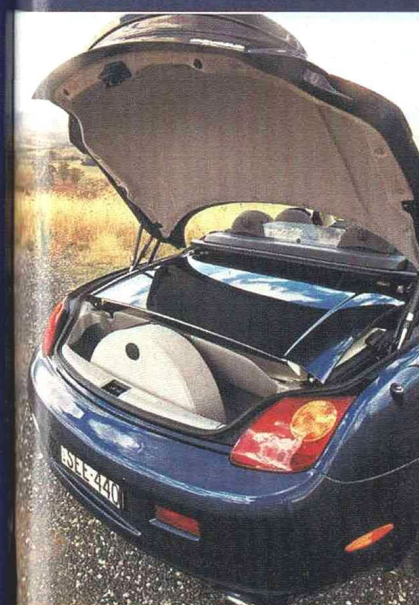
Engine: 4.3 litre, quad-cam V8.
Power: 210 kW (282 bhp).
Acceleration: 0-100km/h in 6.4 seconds.
Top Speed: 250km/h.
Transmission: Five-speed automatic.
Suspension: Double wishbones (front) and multi-link with double wishbones (rear).
Brakes: Ventilated discs with ABS.
Price: \$162,000 (four year/100,000km warranty).

of Audi TT — although the SC430 is quite a bit bigger — mixed with Mercedes-Benz SL, but the Japanese have gone their own way this time rather than reprising the German designs. The SC430 looks very distinctive and, to be honest, is a whole lot more eye-catching in the metal than on the page. Photographs somehow don't do the Lexus coupe-convertible justice. Up, close and personal, the car is actually pretty sexy.

The roof panel folds away at the push of a button to create a convertible in a matter of seconds and you don't have to do a thing... there are no clips to fiddle

with, no tonneau covers to fit and no panels to stow. Furthermore the roof panel and the rear window surrounds are aluminium (and the window itself is glass) so when the roof is up, you just wouldn't know that you're in a convertible. The roof automatically seals itself very tightly so there's no extra wind or road noise and certainly no leaks. In fact, the quality of this car's fit and finish is where it easily runs away from its European rivals. It is, quite simply, flawless both inside and out.

You can also tell the Japanese have worked hard to make the cabin a fun place to be, with Alfa-style



which is impressive but not nearly as impressive as the mechanical device under the bonnet. It's a quad-cam, all-alloy V8 which displaces 4.29 litres and is so refined it's almost disappointing... especially if you like your V8s to be bad-assed and loud-mouthed. With bags of torque on tap, the SC430 pulls strongly from low revs and even when you work the V8 hard, it remains smooth and sophisticated. The five-speed automatic transmission is virtually seamless in its gearchanges and has a manual shift lever

if you want to take matters into your own hands. Zero to 100km/h is completed in under 6.5 seconds which is no mean feat in a car weighing 1740 kilograms.

For a big car, the Lexus handles with exceptional poise, but it ultimately can't hide its size and this is a car that's far happier on fast, flowing roads than sharper twisty sections. Not that it can't tackle the latter with considerable enthusiasm — the speed-sensitive steering offers plenty of feel and the chassis is pretty well balanced — but some body

roll and a softer ride mean you're kept busy behind the wheel. Mind you, the Lexus is packed with gizmos to keep you out of trouble including four-channel ABS, traction control.

Perhaps the most significant aspect of the SC430 is the absence of an options list. Everything you could possibly want on a car is fitted as standard and, what's more, just about every operation is designed to be accomplished with the minimum of effort. So sit back, relax and be pampered. — Paul Burrows



The Road Warrior

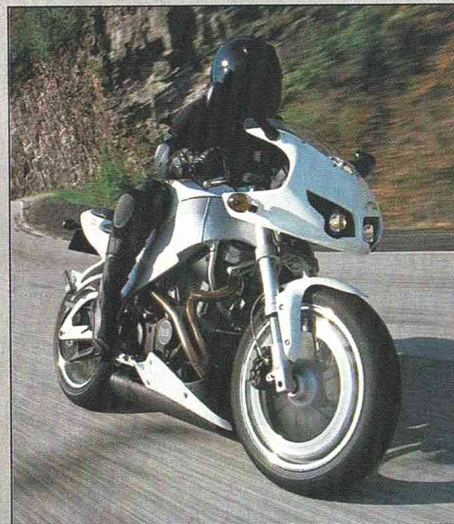
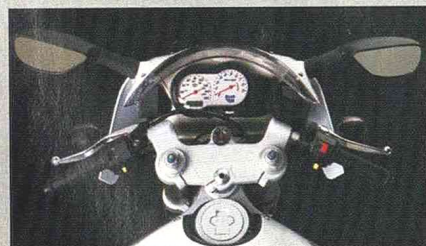
Meet the aggressive, uncompromising but incredibly comfortable Buell Firebolt XB9R.

Why should Wayne Gardner and Max Biaggi have all the fun? Now you too can twist and turn on a motorcycle that is equally at home on your local street as it is on a racetrack.

Too often manufacturers forget the fact that their customers will be spending most, if not all, of their time on normal highways and local streets, not at Phillip Island and as a result, riding pleasure goes out the window. With this in mind, Buell Motorcycles has launched a range where attention has been given to handling, engine, and easy riding.

Its new **Buell Firebolt XB9R** sits somewhere between the manufacturer's Street Fighter and a race replica, the Sport Fighter. The unique styling, aggressive aluminium chassis with its exposed V-Twin engine, bikini fairing and its torquey power plant equal a superb riding experience for the real world that will appeal to the discerning rider used to sports bikes but looking for a more realistic package.

The XB9R costs around \$18,000. 



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In Charm's Way

It's a strong man indeed who can resist the charms of this beautiful brunette.

"I'm not sure what it is but I find that I can make most men eat out of my hand,"

says Nadia, matter-of-factly. "It's the power I have over the opposite sex which I

find interesting and at times most useful, like the other day when I was stopped by

a policeman for speeding. I thought I was going to cop a hefty fine until I smiled at

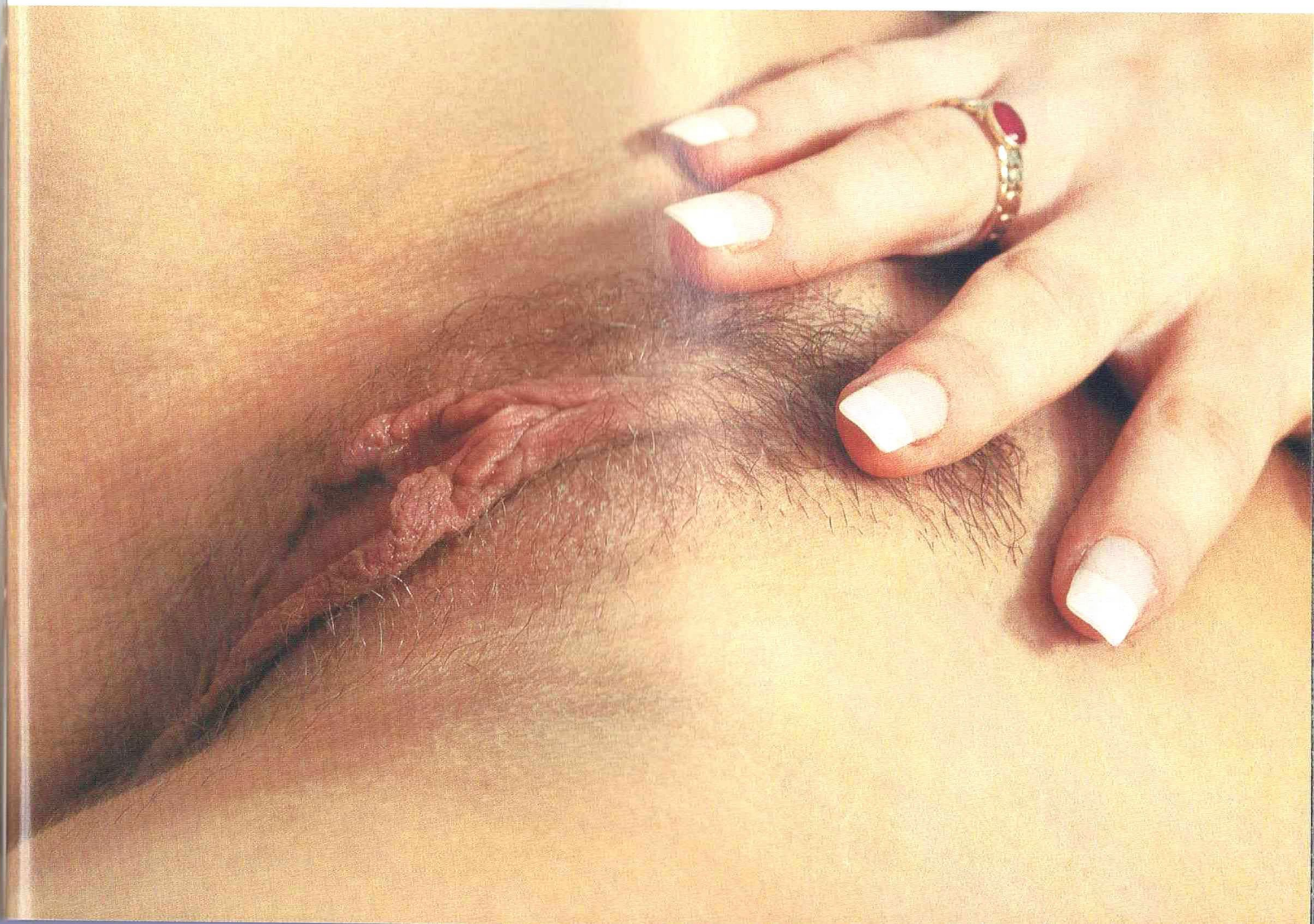
the young officer as I handed him my licence. A minute later he'd torn up the

ticket and asked me to join him for dinner some time. I'll think about it." 

Photography by Stephen Hicks
www.hicksphoto.com











Swingers Kris and Anthony (pictured background) and Geoff and Jenny argue that they are "still committed to each other. It's just that we like to have fun... and sex."

TAKE MY WIFE... PLEASE!

Words by Antony Otera
Photos by Tim Bauer

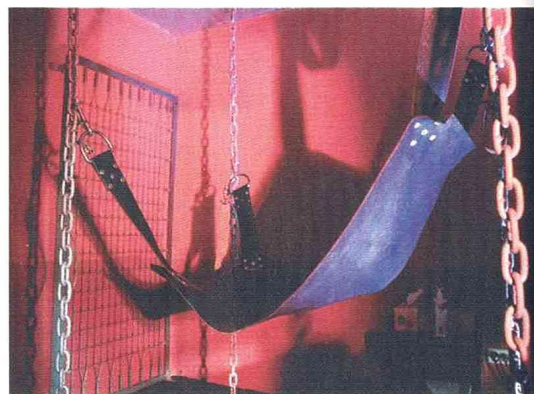
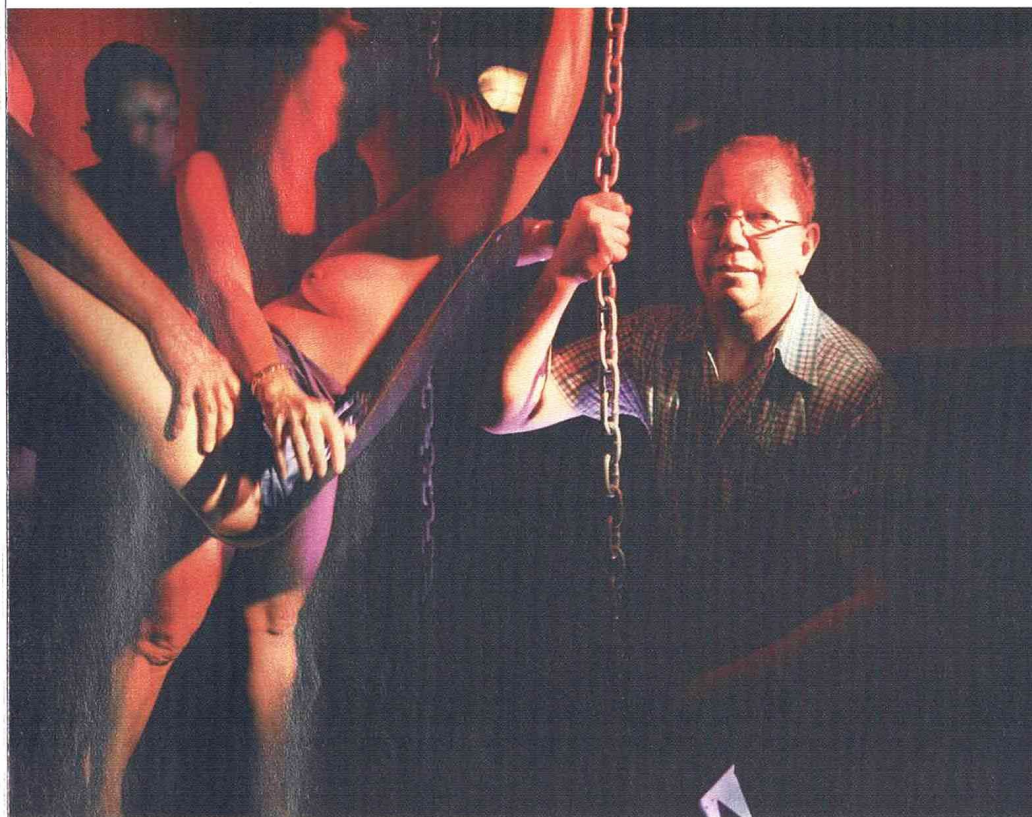
Grab your missus and your towel and leave your inhibitions at the door; swinging in the suburbs is back with a vengeance. *Australian Penthouse* takes a peek at the largely misunderstood but growing world of partner swapping.

Extramarital sex can sound the death knell to a committed relationship. Going outside of marriage in search for sexual fulfillment, variety or just plain experimentation remains problematic, even for those who have long since come to terms with the moral implications of their after-hours, extra-conjugal activities.

But what if there was a form of licensed adultery, an arena where you could have all the sex you want with as many people as you want and your partner could do the same — but you still got to go home together, raise your kids together and, arguably, live a normal, healthy life as a couple?

take my wife...

Sultan of Swing, Tony (pictured holding chain), makes sure swingers like Anthony, Kris and Jenny (pictured) have a safe, clean environment in which to explore their sexual curiosities.



Need a pick me-up? Check out the strippers.

Swinging is screwing around Clayton's-style — the sexual affair you're having when you're not having a sexual affair. According to the growing legions adopting "the lifestyle" in Australia, swinging provides "the perfect opportunity for people in a committed relationship to play up, without the guilt or hassle of extramarital affairs". Sex entrepreneur and author Jo-Anne Baker describes the swinging lifestyle in her latest book, *Riding the Sexual Frontier*, as "the perfect synthesis of sexual freedom within a sexual commitment".

I have always wondered exactly what goes on at a swingers party, so when *Australian Penthouse* sent me to Fun4Two, the swingers club many consider Sydney's premier swinging venue, I jumped at the chance to observe.

The world of swingers is one where the traditional rules and conventions of marriage and monogamy are tossed. Couples can live out their sexual fantasies with other couples, and then return together to their children, their suburban homes, their mortgages, the footy, the school tuck shop and their respectable jobs.

Swingers' holiday resorts, conventions and cruises flourish, and personal ads from swingers in sex contact magazines and on Internet sites are growing

exponentially — testament to the popularity of a movement which is widely regarded as the fastest growing area of sexuality in the West.

And it seems, according to Robbie Swan, spokesperson for Australian sex industry lobby group Eros Foundation, that Australia is anything but lagging behind in this movement.

"There are roughly 20,000 new ads being run each month in various [sex contact] newspapers and magazines such as *Rosie* and *Searchlight* and on Internet sites devoted to swinging in Australia," he says. "A good percentage of those are from married women wanting a bisexual experience."

Although no official figures are available, Swan estimates that there's a pool of about half a million Australians interested in extra-marital relationships.

"There's no question it is growing," he says. "One reason is that marriage as an institution is in decline. A lot of people are seeking relationships outside to complement that."

I'm not sure what to expect as I arrive at Fun4Two, a converted warehouse in an industrial area in Rydalmere in Sydney's west. Images of Sodom and Gomorrah and *Dante's Inferno* fill my mind.

I buzz on the front door and a burly security guy, dressed in black and wearing an earpiece, ushers me inside. Abandon

inhibition all ye who enter here. It's 8pm. I'm early for the 9pm start to this Australia Day swingers party, but I hope to have a chat with the Sultan of Swing, Tony — who with partner Melissa owns and runs Fun4Two — before the crowd arrives.

I'm ushered into the main dining area. An Australian flag hangs upside down on the wall. It's no surprise to me in this world of swinging where the time-honoured tenets of marriage are also turned upside down. Tony enters the room wearing only black board shorts, spectacles and a smile. I bring the problem with the flag to his attention. He quickly remedies the situation.

"There were 130 people here at the New Year's Eve swingers party," says Tony proudly. "Ten on a bed going hell for leather."

Couples pay \$99 for admission to Fun4Two on a Saturday night. (Single women are welcome but single gents are prohibited.)

For that they get a scrumptious smorgasbord dinner and free drinks all night, and of course an impressive venue which includes a huge spa, change rooms with lockers, dining area, bar, a large open area where participants indulge in group sex ("open swinging") and private rooms for the more shy ("closed swinging"). In the private rooms, mattresses are thrown on the floor for threesomes and

moresomes. Some rooms contain just a bed. Condoms are available in all rooms for those who wish to use them.

Porn videos play overhead in the lounge area where some very interesting games of snooker are played later in the night. (You know, when the pink is covered, go for the brown!) And strippers dance on the podium nearby.

Tony scurries about, making sure that everything is just right. "About 30 couples

have pre-booked," he tells me. "We like to put on a spread for them. It's a great night out. They eat, meet and root."

The first couple to arrive are Anthony and Kris, who are frequent swingers and have attended other swingers venues in Sydney. They tell me Fun4Two is the best. They are meeting another couple here tonight with whom they made contact over the Internet. It will be the first time they see Jenny and Geoff in the flesh, so to speak. The anticipation in their voices is plain to hear.

"Kris and I still have a normal sex life," says Anthony. "We're still committed to each other. It's just that we like to

have sex with other people?"

"You both have to want to be here," Kris tells me. "You can't have jealousies. Jealousy can be a real problem for couples in this scene."

"Anthony and I swing as a couple in the same room. We arrive together and leave together. Nothing is done on the sly. It just won't work without openness."

People are attracted to the swinging community for a variety of reasons. It gives some couples an opportunity for variety in their sex lives. It also provides an arena for "bi-curious" heterosexual women to explore sex with other women. This is part of the reason why Anthony and Kris are here

"Swinging provides the perfect opportunity for people in a committed relationship to play up, without the guilt or hassle of extramarital affairs."

have fun. And we love sex."

"Swinging allows us to experiment with other people together," adds Kris. "Your partner is never gonna fool around on you in an arrangement like this."

Kris and Anthony don't hide the fact that they enjoy recreational sex.

"Sex is like pizza. Even a bad one's good," says Anthony.

But what about jealousy? How do they feel about watching each other

tonight. Kris wants to have sex with Jenny, an attractive blonde bisexual.

"They sound like really nice people," says Kris of Jenny and her partner, Geoff. "And she's gorgeous."

Jenny is a divorced mother in her thirties. Geoff is in the army.

Anthony tells me that he is looking forward to seeing Kris and Jenny enjoying each other's bodies.

At that moment Jenny and Geoff walk

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take my wife...

in. The two women embrace.

Jenny has been swinging for three years but it's Geoff's first time.

"When I first met him I told him I was bisexual up-front," Jenny tells me. "He said he'd like two women to go down on him at the same time. Maybe it will happen tonight."

The five of us are seated at one of the round wooden tables. Other couples are seated nearby.

It's just like a normal party except that couples are pretty much seated on their own. As the evening progresses and inhibitions begin to dissipate, they begin to mingle and chat.

Swinging is a social activity. I notice



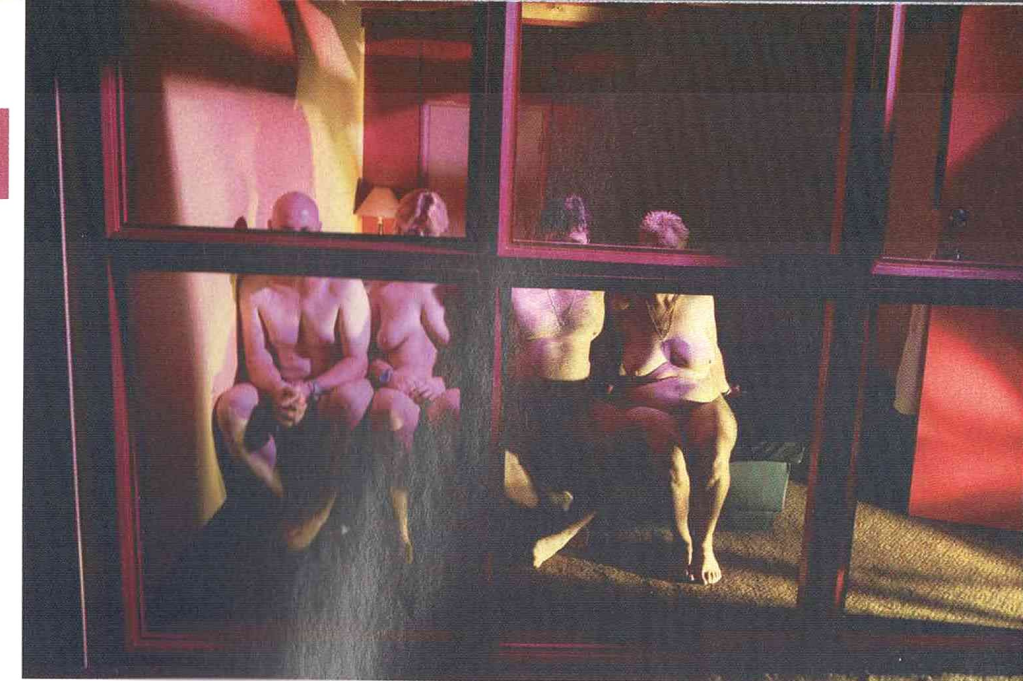
that the ordinary social customs of meeting people and starting a conversation are the same as at any other type of social gathering. No-one seems in a hurry to shed their clothes and jump each other. People are courteous, not pushy.

"People are waiting for the mood to take them," says Anthony. It all seems a little restrained. But the night is young.

"This is the cooling-off period. No-one is in towels until everyone has eaten. That's the rule."

What about the one about not having a bath directly after eating? That's another traditional pearl of wisdom that is about to get tossed, along with any inhibitions, when couples head for the spa shortly — on full tummies!

It's 10.30pm and I do a quick head count. There are around 30 people here



The happy foursome (above) in the kinky swinging room with a glass wall. Jenny and Geoff (left) get down. Kris and Jenny (below) become acquainted.



thought about what Shakespeare said about alcohol adding to the desire but taking away from the performance. That's one thing I don't have to worry about tonight. I grab another glass of red wine.

Incidentally, if you are a single male, you won't be allowed into this gig. Some clubs, I am told tonight, do allow single men but chances are that many of the women at those clubs are ring-ins — working girls hired to make up the numbers. And before you get any wise ideas, attempting to hire an escort or sex worker to go to a swinging event with you, just so you can get in the door, is not considered kosher at most swingers venues. Likewise taking along someone who isn't really your partner and is more interested in watching paint dry than swapping body fluids with strangers. (Don't say you weren't warned.)

"Single men aren't swingers," says Kris. "They are just single men who are horny and want a free root."

Single women, on the other hand, are allowed entry to all swingers parties. And a few do attend these parties on their own. They are, as you would expect, quite popular with the crowd.

More couples disappear only to return moments later wearing nothing but a white towel and a key to a locker — where they've placed their clothes and valuables — tied around their wrists.

Geoff is nervous. The whispers around the table while he's at the bar suggest that he may renege on getting involved.

Almost sensing my incredulousness Kris says to me: "I don't feel self-conscious here. No-one gives a fuck what size you are here."

"Those guys at the bar are talking

now. The numbers — among other things — continue to swell as the night goes on.

"Things don't usually start hotting up till about 1am," says Anthony.

In the corner of my eye I notice a blonde head bobbing slowly up and down from beneath a table behind us. Let the festivities begin.

Just then Tony re-emerges. Everyone agrees that Tony is the host with the most.

Speaking of which, the talk at our table turns to penis size. Geoff smiles in embarrassment. It seems this soldier is the proud owner of one very large warhead.

"My ex-husband had a small penis but I was too inexperienced at the time to know this," Jenny confesses as she really begins to take over the conversation. "Geoff is really big, just the right fit." It's a little more information than I required.

The booze flows freely without a

take my wife...



No sex, but a lot of touching in the spa.

about Jenny and Kris's clitorises," says Anthony, hoping to take the attention away from Geoff.

The girls laugh. They're getting on like a house on fire. "Clitoris," Jenny laughs, "isn't that near Chechnya?"

It's pre-sex banter which helps break the ice.

Jenny admits she's spiritual. "Until I turned 15 I was going to be a Carmelite nun! My son's an altar boy.

"It's wrong to feel guilty about sexual gratification. I believe in God. Being comfortable with your sexuality doesn't make you evil."

It's now 11pm and two young guys saunter past us wearing only a towel.

More towel-clad folk head for the spa

as Jenny and Kris bond like superglue. Anthony and Geoff continue to pick at their steaks and snags more tentatively now as they see the growing passion and exchanging of lusty looks between the two women. My mouth ... I mean *their* mouth waters at the prospect of seeing the two blonde women in action.

"I cry at weddings. It doesn't matter who's getting married," offers Anthony. "Weddings and the Olympics... and some of the things Kris does to me."

"That's not enough lube," Kris retorts. We all break out in laughter. The ice is broken; they're now ready for some fun.

We head for the spa. A group of four are huddled together in one corner. A large lady I saw earlier is having her

abundant boobs, which are floating on the water's surface like two air-filled buoys, sucked and fondled by her companions. Sex is a no-no in the spa, and not for reasons you may first think.

"A woman once drowned giving head to a guy in a spa. It wasn't at this club though," says Anthony.

Everywhere I look there's naked bodies, big boobs, small ones, six-packs and love handles. Young and not-so-young.

"It's important to stay in shape," says Anthony, who's built like he can bench-press a Barina — with one hand.

My four new friends jump in the spa. Jenny begins to happily suck on Kris's nipples while she has her nether regions fingered from behind by Anthony. Kris marvels at Geoff's flaccid but nonetheless large penis beneath the water, menacing like a submarine about to surface.

I spend the rest of the night and early hours of the morning wandering through the huge complex, taking in the sights and sounds, chatting with folk when I can. (By the way, it is not necessary to actually have sex with other people to have a good time in the swinging community, I'm told.)

Everywhere I look there's a sea of naked bodies caught *flagrante dilecto*.

There's one room with a glass wall with wood lattice through which I clearly see a blonde woman lying between her

continued on page 128



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Play Time

Being the subject of a photo shoot is anything but work for Vanessa. In fact she considers it play time.

"Posing for these photos was the most liberating experience I've had," says the 22-year-old leggy redhead.

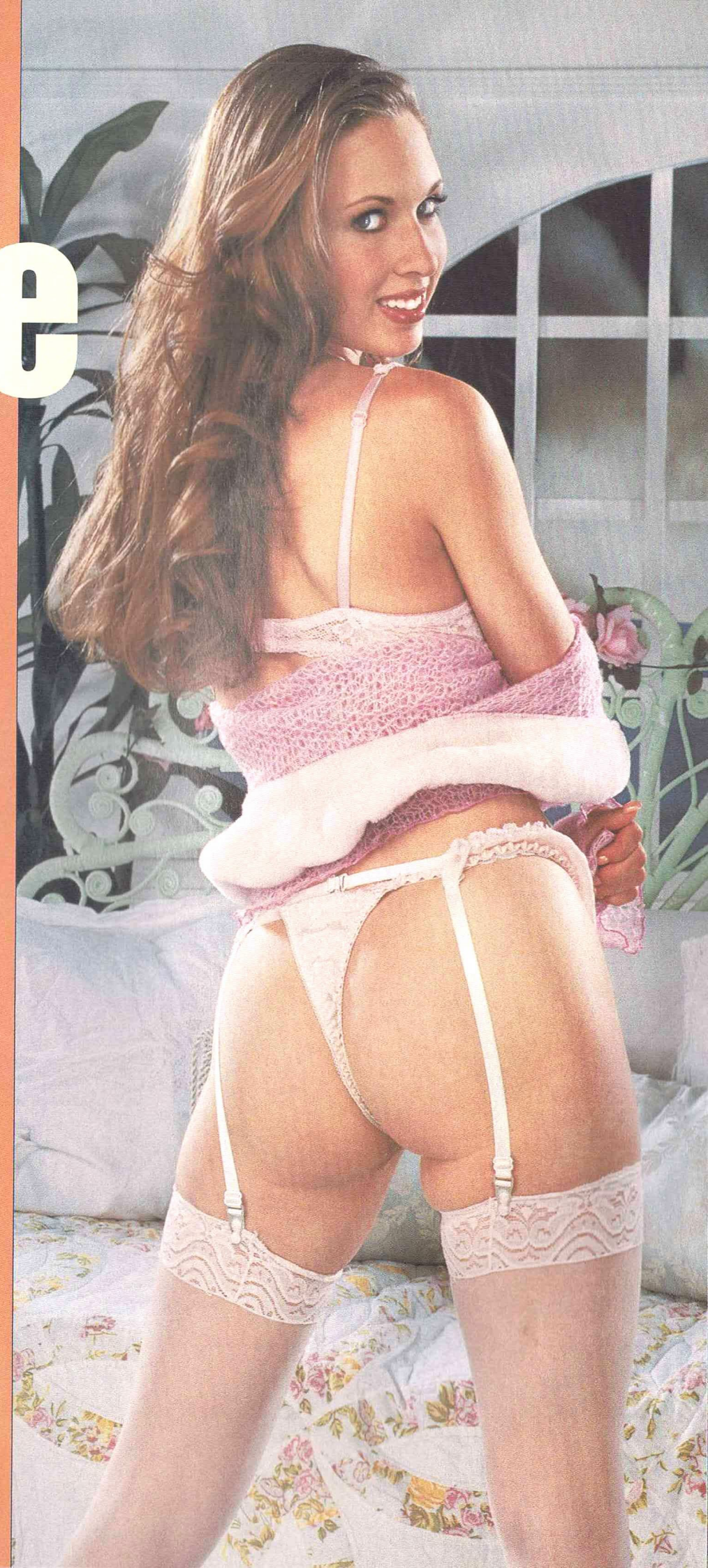
"I can't remember an occasion when I've peeled off my clothing so quickly." Vanessa needed no

encouragement either to pull out her favourite sex toy for a little solitaire for our cameras. "I kept at it long

after the last shot was taken," she grinned. "Posing for *Australian*

Penthouse has unleashed the animal in me. And I'm loving it. Hope you do, too." ☺

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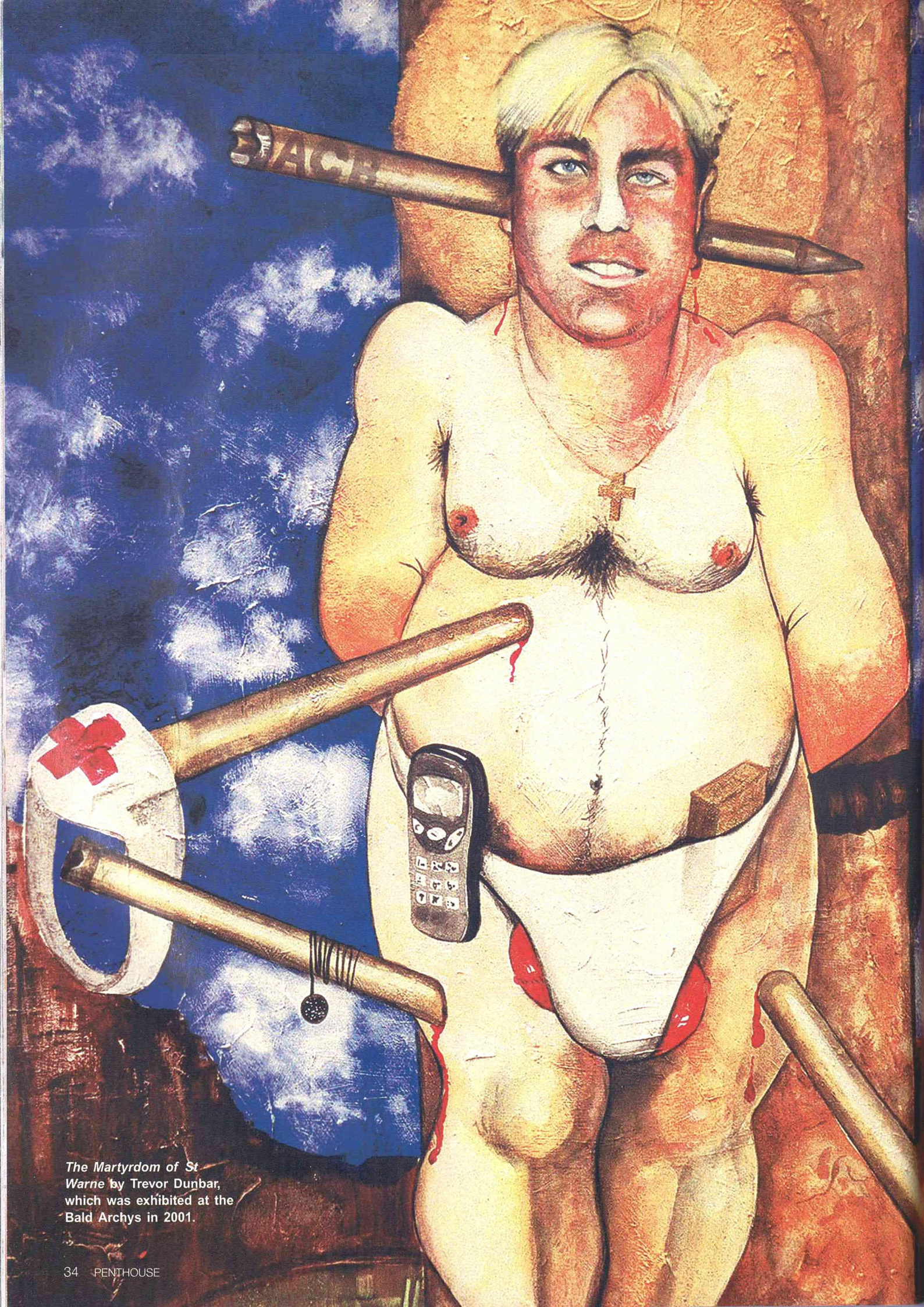
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The Martyrdom of St. Warne by Trevor Dunbar, which was exhibited at the Bald Archys in 2001.

WORDS BY NEAL WOOLRICH

DEADLY SINS OF WARNE

He's a role model and hero to countless teenagers and sports fans, but he's certainly no sacred cow. We enumerate the seven deadly sins of cricket's bubble boy, Shane Warne.

shane warne

Shane Warne copped plenty of lampooning for his lack of imagination in titling his life story *My Autobiography*. We suggest *The Boy in the Bubble*.

A considerable part of Warne's tome is devoted to explaining away the controversies that have dogged his career. But the pervading theme of the book is Warne's disbelief that he would be called to account for his peccadilloes.

Warne's troubles with officialdom started when he was an undergraduate at the AIS Cricket Academy. He complains that he suffered "medieval torture" when forced to swim "in a heavily-chlorinated pool" without goggles, after having forgotten to bring them with him.

But Warne later concedes that the root of the punishment lay in him having stayed out all night the previous evening.

He also admits that he was disrespectful to one of the coaches, "a bit of an idiot", and "a little bit disruptive" — but solemnly adds that "there was no nastiness to my behaviour".

That's fine, Shane — clown around when we're trying to make an international cricketer out of you. But his disrespect for the rules and disbelief when he suffers the consequences set the pattern for what was to come in his career.

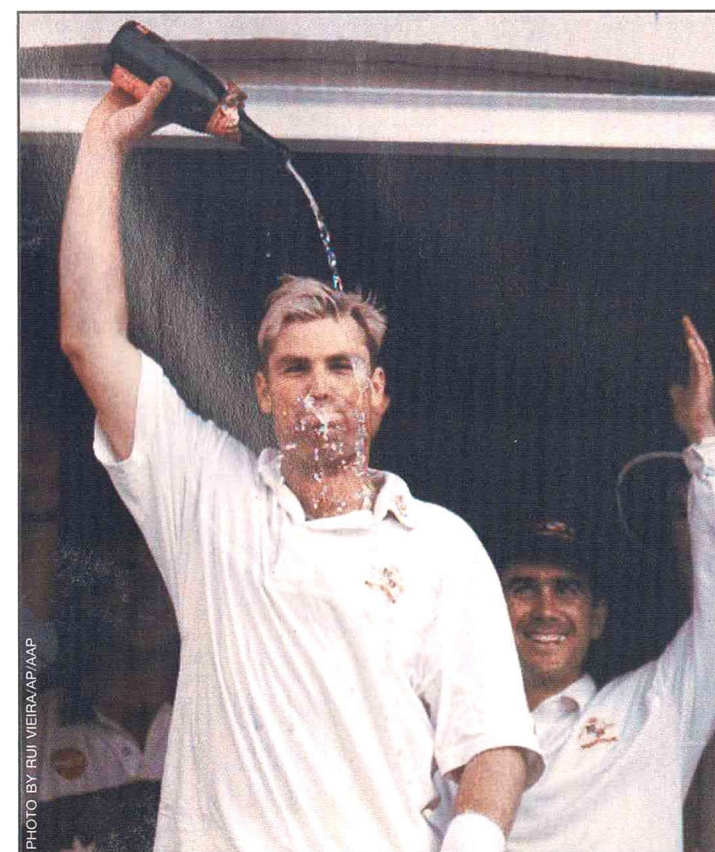


PHOTO BY RUI VIEIRA/AP/AP

1 GREED

Understandably, Warne dedicates an entire chapter of *My Autobiography* to the biggest controversy to have dogged his career, his dalliances with "John the bookmaker".

Initial explanations from Warne, and co-accused Mark Waugh, that they were "naïve and stupid" didn't wash well with the Australian public and the passage of time doesn't make Warne's explanation any more convincing.

Certainly, Warne's sin — receiving what he thought was a US\$5000 "gift" from an elusive character claiming to be a fan but who was an illegal bookmaker — is not nearly as diabolical as match-fixing itself. And the bigger villain in the whole affair is arguably the Australian Cricket Board (ACB), which did its best to hush up the controversy.

But two aspects of the affair are damning against Warne.

First, Warne had been part of a tour to Sri Lanka in 1992 in which the Australian team was cautioned about advances from illegal bookmakers. Warne's explanation would be laughable if the situation were not so grave.

"Apparently, Bobby Simpson, our coach at the time, has said somewhere that he told us at a team meeting to be on guard against people offering gifts. I have no reason whatsoever to doubt his word, but it certainly didn't register with me."

Is Warne so nonchalant about other cautions issued when on tour?

Would Warne be nodding off if the High Commissioner was telling the boys not to drink alcohol in public in Pakistan or they might get stoned to death?

The second alarming aspect of the whole affair is that the ACB attempted to cover it up. Granted, that was out of Warne's control. But it is evidence again of the special treatment Warne was afforded and perhaps goes some way to explaining Warne's disbelief when he is finally called to account for his actions.

A subsequent inquiry found that the ACB should have at least suspended Warne and made public the fines. But that would have been too much for the boy in the bubble, so his masters shielded him as best they could.

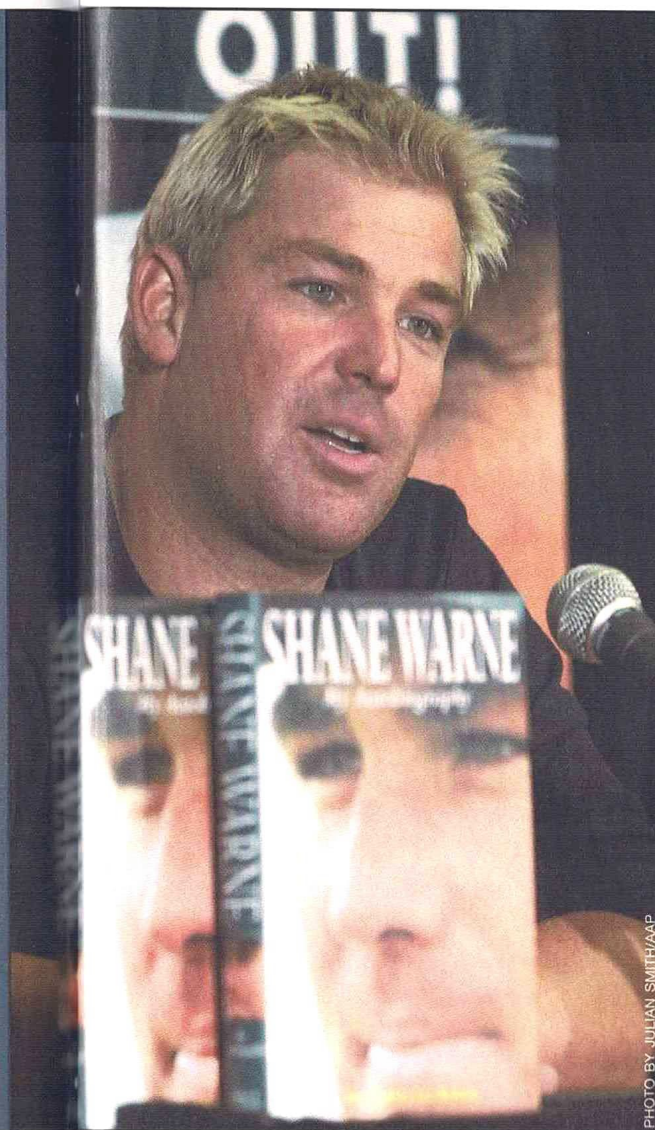


PHOTO BY JULIAN SMITH/AP

3 PRIDE

While Warne's dealings with an illegal bookmaker and his telephone sex scandal are the low points in a controversial career, there have been a litany of minor league stuff-ups.

They follow a familiar pattern of Warne getting himself into trouble and being completely stumped as to what all the fuss was about.

On Warne's second tour of England in 1997, he couldn't fathom the adverse reaction to his victory dance on the players' balcony at Trent Bridge, replete with stump above head, in a display that could at best be described as boorish and at worst, downright embarrassing.

No-one described it as funny.

"I just did a little hip-swinging dance... I didn't mean anything nasty or provocative. The crowd were having what I assume was a friendly go at me and this was simply my way of acknowledging them. Surely we are allowed to show a little emotion after winning the Ashes."

Yes Shane, but when the Waughes and friends show "a little emotion", they don't make buffoons out of themselves.

4 SLOTH

His efforts to quit smoking and his \$200,000 sponsorship-come-bet with nicotine gum manufacturer, Nicorette, again illustrates how far removed Warne's lifestyle has become from the Average Joe that he continually reminds us he is.

Where most of Warne's cigarette-puffing fans would get little assistance in trying to kick the habit, Warne had a \$200,000 incentive to keep him on the straight and narrow.

All Warne was required to do was promote Nicorette's product, and without too much effort on his part he did that. Nicorette got value for money and were only too happy for Warne to take the endorsement (a "decent portion" of which he donated to charity).

In this whole affair, Warne cannot be criticised for any wrongdoing. But what it does tell us again is that he does live in a rarified atmosphere that few others enjoy.

So while he has every right to complain about unfair criticism or falsehoods, his surprise when his actions come under scrutiny is hard to fathom.

2 WRATH

Warne's first two tours to South Africa both saw him embroiled in controversies.

In 1994, he gave a particularly over-the-top send-off to opener Andrew Hudson after dismissing him. Warne is contrite about this, noting that Hudson was one of the nicest blokes in cricket and thoroughly undeserving of any harsh treatment.

However, he was amazed that, after being fined \$400 by the match referee, the ACB went ahead and slapped him an additional \$4000.

"What annoyed me most was the way the ACB then felt I needed to be punished a second time," he wrote. "Worse, they fined me \$4000 without any right of appeal, which goes against all natural justice. They made their decision without hearing my version of events. Unless they had been at the Bull Ring [the Wanderers Ground in Johannesburg] that day and followed the growing levels of intimidation through the early weeks of the tour they could not have made a balanced judgement. Their decision followed criticism of my behaviour from the media, some of whom were writing and broadcasting from the comfort of their offices in Australia, unbelievable stuff."

While one can sympathise with

Warne given the goading he suffered on tour, his argument ignores the ACB's jurisdiction to impose standards of conduct on its players.

Whether they had observed the antagonism Warne was subject to or not, the fact was that he'd publicly brought the game into disrepute and the ACB will argue that it has every right to enforce a code of discipline on its contracted employees.

How many employees think they have carte blanche to do what they please? Well, Warne is oblivious to abiding by his boss's rules.

If he did regret this incident, it was forgotten on the subsequent South African tour in 1997, when he gave spinner Paul Adams another send-off to regret. The modestly talented Adams embarrassed himself with a cocky reverse sweep which hit the top edge of his bat and was easily caught.

Warne let rip with a sarcastic, elongated laugh at Adams, clearly picked up by the TV cameras.

Warne escaped censure for this incident, which in typically understated sportsman-speak was described by South African coach Bob Woolmer as "a little disappointing. There was no need to mock him."

Yet in his autobiography, Warne merely states "I had to laugh".

Laugh he did, and then some.



PHOTO BY GETTY IMAGES

5 LUST

After years at the top, Warne might have learned to pull his head in. But 2000 saw him embroiled in yet another scandal, this time for dirty phone talk with a British nurse (right) while playing county cricket in England.

Warne vigorously argues that the incidents weren't nearly as bad as made out. He confesses to "explicit talk between consenting adults" in two telephone discussions — one when he had called her, the other when she had called him.

If he was "naïve and stupid" in the match-fixing scandal, he was doubly so in this affair to think he could get away with it. Warne limply hangs his bat out to dry in defending this one.

Unlike many prominent figures, he had the luxury of rebutting the allegations on the TV network that employs him.

"It was probably the wrong thing to do but I thought it was a private matter, I didn't think it was going to become public and now that it has, I suppose it's a mistake," Warne said on *A Current Affair*. "If it had stayed private then it wasn't a mistake."



Yes, that's right — the old "if the ref don't see it, it ain't illegal" defence. Again, Warne has every right to feel aggrieved to the extent that the media did not accurately portray the situation. But his naivete in thinking he could do this and not have some opportunist turn a dollar out of it with a muck-raking tabloid beggars belief.

When subsequently stripped of the Australian vice-captaincy, Warne again misses the point.

"I couldn't believe what was happening. It was a mistake, yes, but it was a private matter and had nothing to do with cricket. Explicit talk on the telephone did not mean that all of a

sudden I'd lost my flipper or forgotten how to set a field."

Smell the roses, Shane! The stuffed shirts in the ACB must keep up appearances, and a sordid scandal in the British tabloids is not becoming of the holder of the second highest position in Australian cricket.

Warne is a public figure aspiring to hold high office, and right or wrong, issues that go to character and fitness for that office will always be under scrutiny by those who appoint the office bearers.

Warne is a colourful character and doesn't apologise for carrying on cricket's rich history of anti-establishment figures. In his autobiography, he claims the captain of the national team needs to be more like the "confident and streetwise" Fonz from *Happy Days* and less like Richie Cunningham. Warne is ever oblivious to the fact that his soap-opera lifestyle will work against him when he is up against the likes of Steve Waugh, Ricky Ponting, and Adam Gilchrist for the top job.

The ACB won't be in any hurry to appoint a captain whose next scandal is a click of the fingers away.

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shane warne

6 ENVY

It was a similarly indignant Warne who was fined for a newspaper piece he wrote before the 1999 World Cup. In the offending article, he argued that Sri Lankan and world cricket would be better off without their controversial captain, Arjuna Ranatunga.

Arjuna had done nothing to endear himself to Australian fans the preceding summer, escaping any penalty when openly intimidating umpires and threatening to walk his side off the field. Arjuna's Houdini act was thanks to his lawyers, who threatened to scuttle the International Cricket Council's player code of conduct if he was penalised.

While every cricket follower in Australia and most around the world would agree with Warne, it was clearly

in breach of the contracts governing player conduct in the World Cup, which prohibited players making derogatory comments about other players. Warne's reaction to his penalty? "Ridiculous!"

Well Shane, if you break the rules, you pay the price. Warne's defence — that what he did was not nearly as

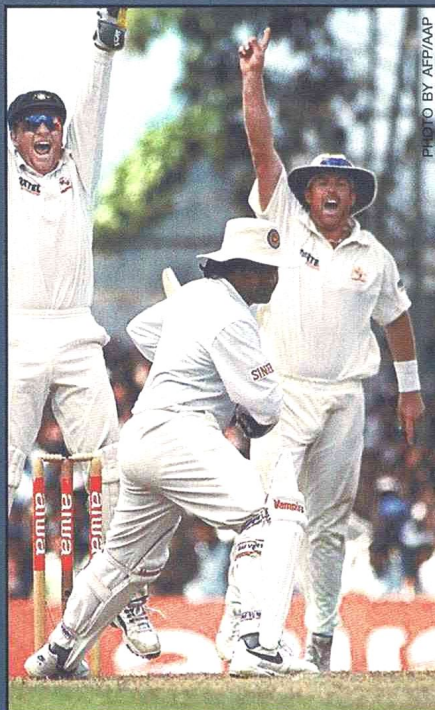


PHOTO BY AFP/AAP

bad as what Ranatunga had done — is the sort of argument last heard in the school headmaster's office.

Yes, he was unlucky that he was fined and Ranatunga got off scot-free. But once again the boy in the bubble was mystified as to why he should be accountable when he breaks the rules.

Having not learned his lesson, in Australia's first game of the World Cup he endeared himself to a group of boisterous Scottish fans when he "turned towards them with a smile and gave them the good old fashioned Aussie bird".

Despite protesting this was all in jest, Warne is again miffed that the papers would pick up on this and lambaste him. Well Shane, the "good old fashioned Aussie bird" isn't native to just Australia — it's known in Scotland and throughout most of the rest of the civilised world as an offensive gesture.

So why is Warne surprised that newspapers would take his gesture "out of context"? Warne bemoans that "it does seem to be a shame that interplay with a crowd has to be toned down for fear of being misinterpreted". One solution would be not to offend.

For some reason, Warne automatically attracts far more attention than his comrades.

But after a decade at the top, Warne should take the attention as an occupational hazard. Instead, he is continually surprised and, more alarmingly, he seems oblivious to his responsibilities and accountability as a public figure.

Warne's propensity to polarise opinion is reflected in the fact that at the same time that he's on top of a "most despised sportsman" poll, his name will also be near the top of a "most popular" list.

Perhaps the most telling comment in Warne's autobiography comes not from the author, but from close friend Ian Botham in his foreword, who says "few players have been better ambassadors".

As long as Warne is surrounded by people offering opinions like this, it is little wonder that he is surprised at the public angst over his foibles.

The greatest shame in all this is not that these incidents have occurred, but that Warne's celebrated place in the history books will forever be blighted because of his off-field indiscretions. **OT**

7 GLUTTONY

Warne's SOS for baked beans in India in 1998 underlines the regal treatment he receives. Having put in a simple request for a few cans of baked beans, the media turned it into a circus, with SPC shipping a crate "to Shane Warne in India".

Unlike letters to Santa Claus, they miraculously found their man.

While Warne downplays his part in the event and duly notes that most of the bounty went to needy children,



PHOTO BY JOE CASTRO/AAP

it is again indicative of the special treatment he gets.

As much as Warne protests that he's just an Average Joe, the Average Joe doesn't get a crate of baked beans shipped to him in India on a whim.

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Horny 18yo is aching for a hard man to give it to her all night!
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NO INHIBITIONS

Carefree lady seeks an adventurous guy for raunchy sex adventures!
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PILLOW TALK

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RENDEZVOUS

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VMB 80270

IN ECSTASY

Meet and let her magic touch drive you wild all night long!
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ATHLETIC SEX

Fit lady wants a man with great sexual stamina for long sweaty sex sessions!
VMB 80376

SEX STORIES

Share your wildest sex fantasies with this hottie and they'll become reality!
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BIT OF KINK

Naughty girl likes to get a little kinky when she's with a sexy stranger!
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HORNY DEVIL

Sexy stunner is always horny and needs a man with a huge sexual appetite!
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ONE MORE TIME

Randy lady never wants you to stop! Give it to her hard and fast!
VMB 80283

WET & WAITING

Hot horny is feeling randy and is ready for a willing man to make his move!
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SLIPPERY FUN

Randy lady just can't control herself and needs a big, hard man to play with!
VMB 80280

NEVER ENOUGH

Insatiable lady is always in the mood to meet with a randy stranger for sex!
VMB 80272

INTIMATE FUN

Horny lady needs intimate encounters to relieve her sexual tension!
VMB 80265

NIGHT OF ACTION

Wild nights of lust and sex wanted for a sexy lady who loves to play!
VMB 80264

DISCREET MEETS

Horny lady is on the hunt for secret meets for sexual pleasures!
VMB 99489

FANTASY FUN

Make your dirtiest desires come true with this horny little devil!
VMB 80385

WANTS IT

Dominant lady loves to tell her men exactly what to do in the bedroom!
VMB 80382

NO COMMITMENT

No strings attached meetings for sex wanted by hot and horny lady!
VMB 80288

X-RATED

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Hot exhibitionist loves to meet in risky outdoor places for wild sex sessions!
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CHEEKY FLING

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VMB 80269

GIRL ON TOP

Get ready for the ride of your life - she knows just what to do!
VMB 80266

MIRRORED CEILING

Kinky lady loves to watch while you both get down and dirty!
VMB 80257

PIERCED FOR PLEASURE

Hot young lady seeks a horny man for an all night pleasuring!
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Adventurous lady wanted for threesome with raunchy couple!
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SPICE UP

Attractive couple wanted to help spice up this pair's sex life!
VMB 80306

ENERGETIC MEETS

Fit couple seek a bi-female for raunchy threesome action!
VMB 99434

BI-COUPLE

Horny bisexual couple seek other couples for group sex action!
VMB 99518

GROUP ADVENTURE

Raunchy married couple want group action to spice up their sex!
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COUPLE WANTED

Open-minded guy will do anything to pleasure a willing couple!
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DISCREET FUN

Clean and discreet couple seek other pairs for fun sexy times!
VMB 99384

WANTS COUPLES

Horny young guy wants open-minded couples for sexy threesomes!
VMB 80302

FEMALE WANTED

Raunchy couple are looking for a willing lady for group romping!
VMB 80071

GROUP ACTION

Wild nights with a couple, guy or girl wanted by swinging pair!
VMB 99820

HOT SEXY PAIR

Randy couple want other swinging pairs for all night action!
VMB 99818

LET ME WATCH

Horny voyeur wants to fulfil his fantasy with a sexy, willing couple!
VMB 80301

FUN WITH FOUR

Uninhibited couple want other sexy pairs for wild nights of group sex!
VMB 80254

CASUAL MEETS

Raunchy couple seek other pairs or ladies for hot casual sex!
VMB 80066

SEX FANTASY

Wild couple love sex and want a horny female to join their threesome fantasy!
VMB 80240

THREE IN BED

Horny bi-guy wants to please a couple and be their sex fantasy tonight!
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NEW SWINGERS

Couple want a discreet fling with an open-minded female for their first time!
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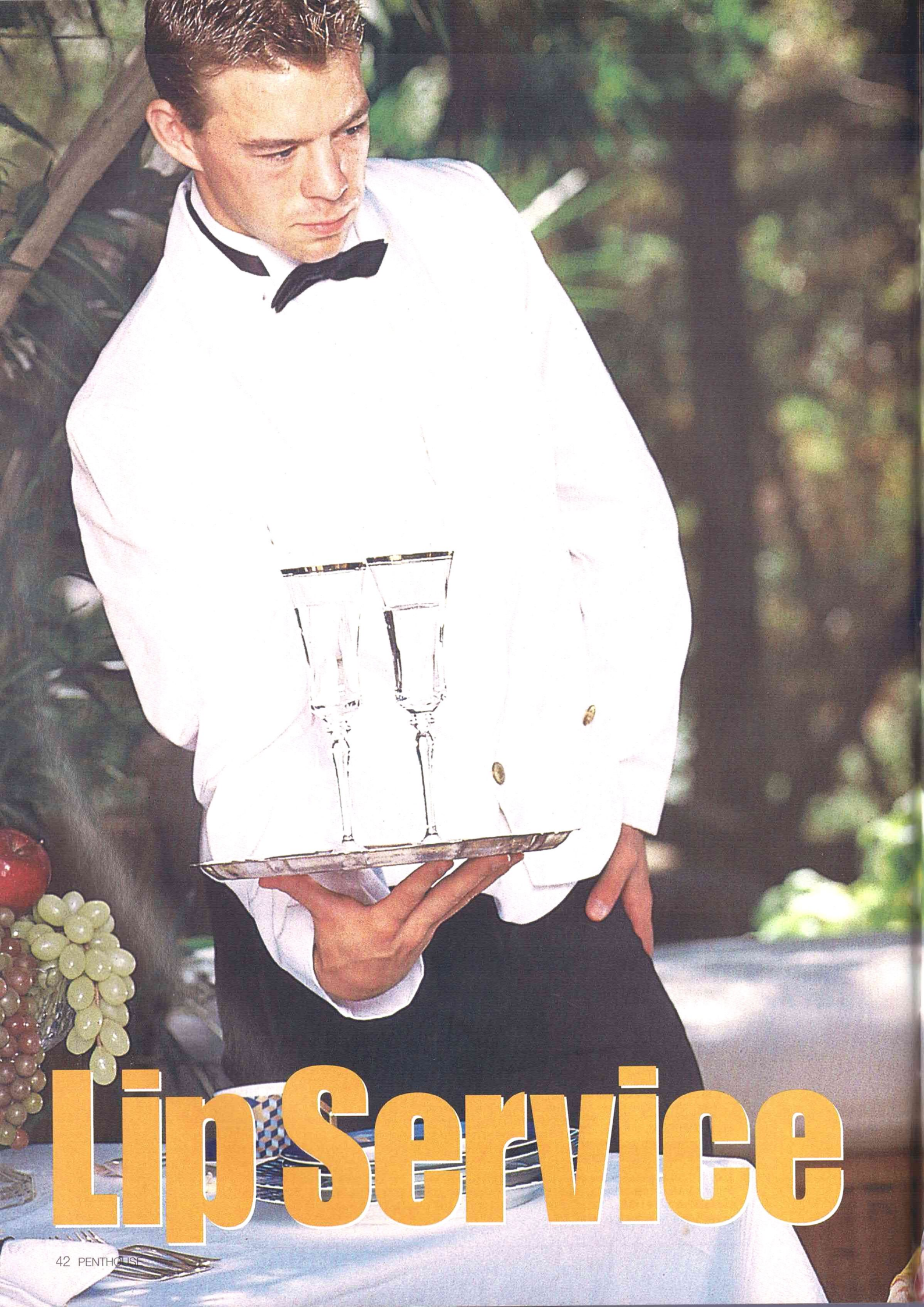
Sexy couple are in search of a hot guy for raunchy threesome action!
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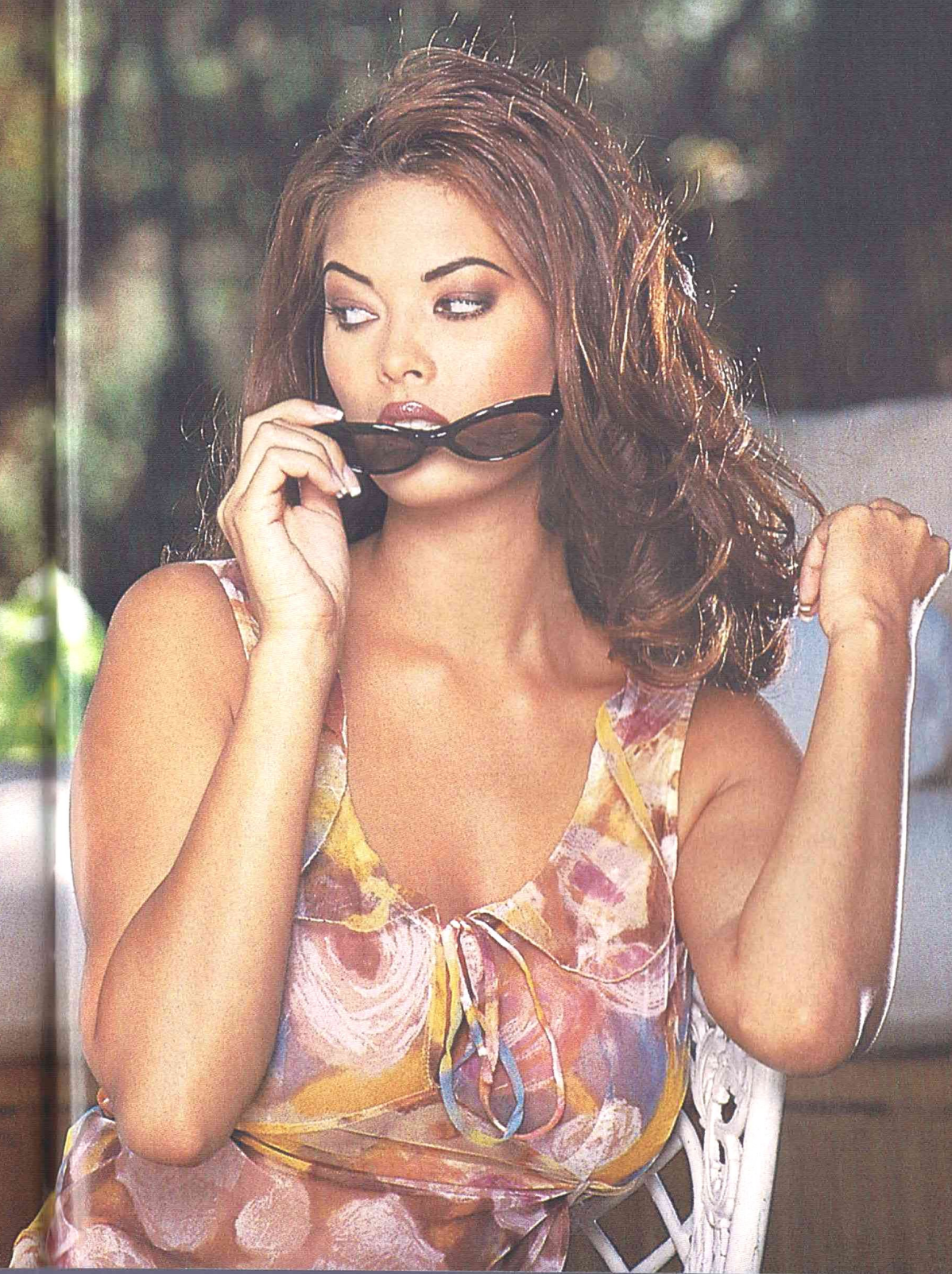
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Lip Service

Tera was taken aback when the waiter accidentally spilled champagne all over her silk dress as she stood on the deserted patio at her sister's wedding reception. But as the chilled bubbly dripped across her torso and down her thighs, she felt a familiar wave of desire welling within her, lifting her spirits. She ran her hand along Erik's thigh and began rubbing the growing bulge in his pants. Squeezing his cock gently she explained that the only acceptable way for him to clean off her breasts was by paying lip service. 

Photography by Suze Randall
www.suze.net









He's been described as "the saviour of music", "bigger than Jesus" and "louder than war". Australian *Penthouse* meets rock's latest superstar-in-the-making, Andrew WK.

Words by Janine Toms

THE MESSIAH OR JUST A NAUGHTY BOY?



Before I met 23-year-old US rock sensation Andrew WK, I knew three things about him. The first was that he looked like a psychopath. The second was that he is given to indulging in self-mutilation — as his album cover suggests, he is not afraid of blood. The third was that my ears were still bleeding from his debut CD *I Get Wet* which, even played at a low level, was loud enough to have me evicted. It was as if my amp had suddenly hit "volume 11", a level conquered only by Spinal Tap.

And it was Spinal Tap, those heavy-metal spoofers from the UK, who came to mind as I sifted through pages of gushing accolades from that bastion of new music credibility, the *New Musical Express*, who devoted an issue to Andrew WK as if he was the new Bowie, even the new Messiah. Was this some kind of hoax staged by the notoriously cynical bastards of the British music press? Or had his publicist offered them a year's supply of blow and blow jobs to print this lunacy? Whatever it was, the idea of meeting Andrew WK made me just a little queasy. Yet I was eager to discover why he was "bigger than Jesus". Or was he just a bit taller?

So there I was, calming my nerves with booze in an ornate, slightly creepy boardroom in Sydney's Ritz-Carlton hotel, waiting for the lumbering six-foot-six-inch American psycho to come bursting through the door, maybe brandishing an axe to slice his own head open with. But I needn't have worried, really.

"There's nothing to be afraid of and no reason to hold back. I always say — why would I sing soft if I can scream?"

naughty boy



Andrew WK

turned out to be a gentle giant who, when he's not working it for the cameras, possesses the physical features of a sex god. He has the face of an angel and is a charming, charismatic, polite, spirited — downright *euphoric* guy. He talks passionately about everything. His music is his message, and the message is "Let's party, and party hard".

There was something spookily uplifting about meeting Andrew WK that made me think that maybe, just maybe, there was a dash of truth in this Jesus analogy. He talks with missionary zeal, he has long unkempt hair, disciples, and then there's that iconic album cover where his face is smeared with blood — kind of like the stigmata — and wasn't he persecuted big-time over it?

Yet despite all that, I was still left wondering if this guy was for real, or whether he was merely the Second Coming of... well, Spinal Tap. When others far bolder than I have dared to question his bona fides, however, he becomes indignant. "This is not a fucking game," he told one music paper. "This is as real as death."

I decide instead to ask him what the "WK" stands for. He tells me it's his real name, taken from the first letters of his parents' names. That was short and sweet. But when I ask him what he knew about Australia before he arrived, he launches into a lengthy, animated, rapid-fire discourse about the wildlife.

"I was very excited about the animals. I really love animals... Bats, the big flying foxes, that was *amazing*, you can't see that anywhere else. And the magpies, which get vicious... And on he goes, waxing lyrical about alligators, spiders, lizards, roaches.

By now I was warming to this guy, even if I was still ambivalent about his music. Others are less so. They've described it as "akin to having a multiple orgasm in a force 10 gale". If you're unfamiliar with it, "pop metal" neatly sums it up. Catchy, melodic tunes are set to a fast, energetic beat and brightened by '80s-style pounding keyboards. Heavy guitars help create a kind of big, dumb wall of sound that demands to be played loud. His lyrics are simple, anthemic — you can chant

them, punch your fist in the air to them. But they are more an invitation to party than to riot.

"I wanna make the most beautiful, exciting melodies and play them with as much *violent, aggressive power* as I can," he says emphatically. "Listen — I am *so moved* by this! Why would I not then want to make it as big, and loud and exciting as possible? 'Cos that's what life is — big, loud and exciting. And there's nothing to be afraid of and no reason to hold back. I always say — why would I sing soft if I can scream?"

At the time of writing, Andrew had yet to kick off a mid-year tour of Oz, but if reputations here are built on the strength of live performance, this kid is destined to become a household name.

Andrew's philosophy for performing live is simple: "We want as much fun as we can possibly create and part of creating fun is having people that want it. So come to our shows to feel good, and just for an hour or two we'll try to

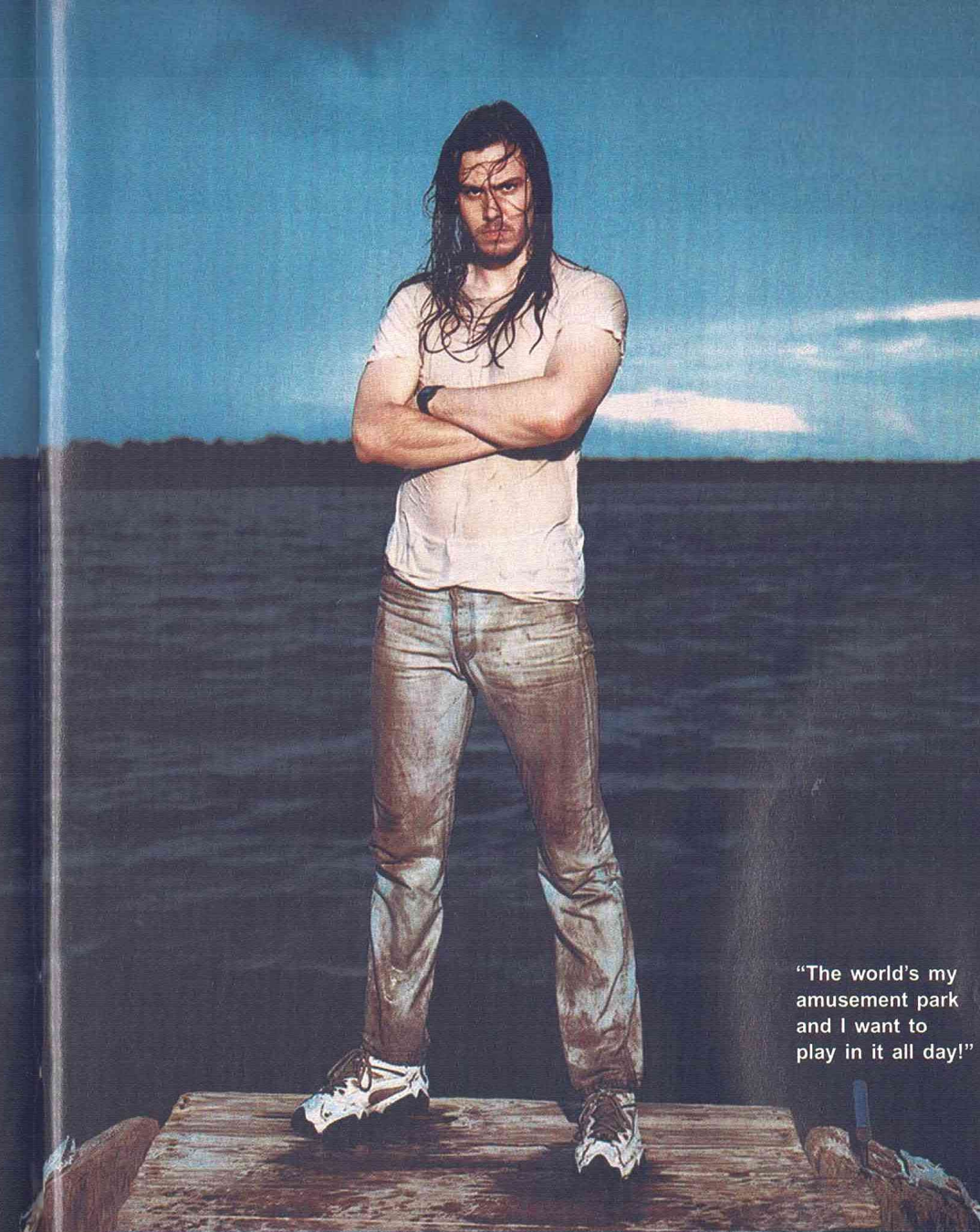
build up an explosion in that room, where everybody feels good about being there, about being themselves, about us and about everybody around them. And just for that short time it's a sacred, awesome place to be."

A *sacred* place to be? If Jesus were alive today, would his disciples be worshipping Him from a moshpit? Ask Andrew about the recurring party theme in his songs, and his response is exuberant, to say the least.

"Life is a miracle, there's never been a greater time to be alive. And I'm *thankful* and I'm *excited* and I want to make the most of it. And because of that I feel I owe it to [humanity] to do something ... You know, food, shelter, safety and health is *priceless, invaluable*. The fact that my body works, and I can run around and sing, and *do things*, just means that almost every day is like a big carnival. So the world's my amusement park and I want to play in it all day!"

Then it all gets a little esoteric.

"I'm not excited by the idea of a girl being a 'slut'. I wanna know what she thinks about when she's alone, when she pleasures herself. That's what I'm into ... that's what excites me."



"The world's my amusement park and I want to play in it all day!"

"This is just *the truth*... I want to be strong enough to face it as the truth and to see things as the truth... And it's being able to be okay and comfortable within the truth knowing that there's darkness, and there's light."

And on he gushed. Andrew's excitement is relentless, a joy to behold. Like a child on Christmas morning who finds everything he asked Santa for under the tree. Over the course of the interview, his Christ-like credentials become even more apparent. "Life is a miracle?" And what did he mean by "the truth"? As he says unto me: "I think I have a lot of energy, and I'm here to help make people feel good. That's my job. And until they do, I have more work to do. I didn't begin it but once I die people will continue that without me. Do unto others as you'd have them do unto you."

Oh My God. Isn't that what Jesus said? I quickly steer the conversation to

more earthly matters — sex, groupies, porn — regular rock star concerns. I discover, reassuringly, that *Penthouse* is Andrew's preferred adult publication, though he has an interesting take on the pictorials: "The thing I get most excited about is knowing this person's *mind*. I want to think when I see a picture of this girl, 'What was she like at school? Does she feel good about herself?' I want to know these things and if I don't know it I create it, and that's what gets exciting. I wanna be *inside her mind*."

"I really love, love, love girls. I'm not excited by the idea of a girl being a "slut". I wanna know what she thinks about when she's alone, when she pleasures herself. That's what I'm into, I think probably the most exciting thing is a girl pleasuring herself completely alone. The first song on the album's about that, by the way."

Now *that* we can relate to. And like

Australian Penthouse, Andrew has felt the heavy hand of censorship — not surprisingly for *that* album cover.

"The cover was banned all over the place and I refused to change it. So I said, just put a sticker over the blood on the plastic, so that solved that pretty quickly. I don't mind doing that because then people open it up and they get to see it. You can cover up stuff but you know what? Then we just have to work a little harder [bangs the table] to dig through it. So the point should be known that it's unstoppable.

"The idea that one person knows better than another person is absolutely preposterous. The only people that should make decisions for other people are parents. The censors can never eliminate it. And they know that, so it's just basically a big waste of energy on their part... They really believe they're helping, and maybe sometimes they are, but that's not necessarily their place. It's crazy when you think about it — especially in magazines where someone's going to obviously buy it, it's covered up, and we kind of go, 'Who are you to tell me what I'm allowed to see?' That's *old*."

All too soon Andrew's publicist gives us the wind-up, but he announces that he has one final statement for our readers.

"This music represents freedom — there's no wrong reason to like it. It's *yours* to believe in, to have faith in. The more you believe in it, the more it will believe in you. It will never let you down and I won't let it down, and that's my promise and... [thinks hard] we are going to blaze — we — those that are alive now — this is our time to blaze into the future. People say it's all been done? Nothing has been done. It's uncharted territory. It's an exciting time to be around, and that's what this music's about."

No, Andrew has never "been done". He's a true original. He is no "pansy-ass". His music is pure mayhem, and he's exciting as hell — something genuine and thrilling yet back-to-basics in a world of manufactured pop puppets and corporate rock clones. I came a doubter, I left a believer. He may not be the Second Coming, but Andrew WK will rock your world.

I Get Wet by Andrew WK is through Universal Music. Check local media for tour dates. O+—

Backdoor Action

Often confused with issues of sexual preference, anal sex is becoming more readily acceptable as "normal" practice in the bedroom.

By Yolanda Corduff

Plenty of women go for some backdoor action but a surprisingly large number prefer sticking it to their partners, rather than the other way around. So, if you've never tried some strap-on dildo fun, bend over and get with the program.

Okay, no-one talks about it much, except in whispered tones or with like-minded people, but many men are into anal stimulation, even when they're not gay or even bisexual. Sadly, receptive anal sex is often confused with issues about sexual preference, instead of being seen for what it really is, a sexual activity that "straight" men can enjoy, and many do.

"I first discovered anal stimulation when a girlfriend poked her finger in during sex," says Jerome, who's now an anal stim-enthusiast. "I blew straight away and encouraged her to give me the finger more often. That led to the use of small vibrators and I began incorporating anal arousal into most of my sexual encounters with women."

Jerome was lucky because usually the only time men get to try kinky sex is with a professional sex worker, rather than a girlfriend. And while anal stimulation isn't always on the menu of services offered at your local brothel, ask the right questions and you may find it available on request.

However, visit the kinkier sex establishments and anal stimulation takes on a whole new emphasis, as it does at Salon Kitty's, Sydney's biggest B&D house. Offering a range of unusual sex services (some so hard-core the censors won't even let us describe them in writing), around 40 percent of all services at the Salon will include some form of anal stimulation. The percentage increases dramatically, to more than 90 percent, for sessions with a dominatrix for example.

While most of the "anal" sessions are

conducted by women, Aurora, the Salon's beautiful she-male mistress, describes herself as a "goddess of anal erotica", an activity she's found many of her clients adore.

"It's really one of the best-kept secrets in our society but men really do like to take it up the arse," she says adamantly. "Many moons ago, before I was a seasoned sex worker, I never dreamt so many men were into receptive anal sex. Having tried it myself, I now understand the thrill and pleasure it brings."

During her career as a transvestite sex worker, Aurora says she's introduced countless men to the joys of anal stimulation, sometimes just with the use of a gloved finger, other times, going the whole hog with the full eight inches of her "active" cock.

"The truth is many straight couples like to explore anal sex but mostly with the female on the receiving end. It's a bit of a taboo in our society for guys to be the receptor, hence they will often only explore this with the anonymity provided by sex

workers," admits Aurora. "Any kind of anal penetration on a man will stimulate his prostate and that's a sensation most men find erotic in the extreme and something they want to do more than once. Some guys even like their ladies to wear a strap-on dildo and treat them like a cheap slut."

"But others prefer the real thing — a cock, preferably attached to a she-male like me. A real dick is softer, warmer and, obviously, more authentic. In my opinion, these guys aren't usually gay so they're not looking for a man to have sex with. They want a chick with a dick and that's what I offer," she adds, stressing that beginners may want to see a professional their first time — someone who knows when to be gentle and how far to go with a virgin butt-hole.

However, away from the sex industry, some women are also keen to explore anal stimulation with their partners, like Elizabeth Steele, a gorgeous blonde who loves using a strap-on dildo on her boyfriends.

"I've always been bisexual so I first

began experimenting with dildos with my girlfriends," says Elizabeth. "One day, I got a strap-on to try out and found using it really empowering. Dildos are great but having a cock between your legs is so much better, especially when it's 10 inches long, always hard and made of shiny black rubber."

"When I discovered how much fun strap-ons were, it was a natural progression to introduce this activity into my relationships with men. To my delight, the men in my life couldn't get enough of it and neither could I. There's something about having a guy bent over on all fours and watching my cock slide in and out that really turns me on. I guess it might be a dominance thing and I'm clearly naturally inclined towards taking control in the bedroom."

So whether it's a dominance thing or just another form of sexual diversity, there's probably more backdoor action going on these days than most of us realise — but isn't that always the way with any form of kinky sex? 



WIND UP CALLS

Has the joke always been on you? Do you want to get your own back? Well now is your chance to get even with anyone and everyone with the "sucker" line. You can send a wind up call and listen in as it happens live!

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1002 Department of Passport Fraud
1003 Johnny's mum
1004 Overdue account with Luscious Ladies Bordello
1005 Pizza Delivery
1006 Cheating Husband
1007 Not paying for the TV

1008 You kicked my dog
1009 Relative staying at your house
1010 Takeaway food delivery
1011 Quick I need a Plumber!
1012 Verbally impaired Person
1013 Blind date
1014 Not paying The Bill
1015 You killed my car

1016 Neighbour from Hell
1017 Stuck in the Lift
1018 Wannabe Singer
1020 Wannabe supermodel
1021 Dating agency sent me
1022 Rip off Mechanic

Customer HELP line (02) 9004 9029



Burning Desire

Photography by David Powell
www.dwpny.com

The setting for Cassie's first *Australian Penthouse* photo shoot may very well prove to be a portent of things to come — her career is about to take off, big time.

Already the bearer of a swag of dancing and entertainment titles including Miss Nude Universe 2002 and Miss Nude Australia 1999 Entertainer of the Year, the 24-year-old dancer says she's proud to include Pet of the Month to her burgeoning list of achievements.





"It was quite an interesting and entertaining experience," says Cassie of her maiden voyage in front of our cameras.

"The shoot was fun and I found working with [photographer] David a lot of fun.

"We shot at an airfield on a blisteringly hot day. It was a 14-hour shoot which began at 8am. A lot of people probably wouldn't realise modelling can be

hard work. And my feet got burnt on the tarmac.

"But it's all worth it. I liked being pampered and could easily get accustomed to this lifestyle — travelling and living out of suitcases."

Which is exactly what she'll be doing when she heads for the US for a 10-week stint. The blonde bombshell will be going up against 36 of America's top dancers for a shot at the big time.



In the meantime, she's letting all the attention associated with posing naked for a men's magazine sink in.

"I'm a typical Gemini: naughty and nice," she says. "I can be the girl next door, but it's a different story in the bedroom. There I play around and try different things, but I'll leave the rest to the readers' imaginations."

When she's home, Cassie prefers donning a T-shirt and baggy shorts and "doing the cafe thing".





In the meantime, she's letting all the attention associated with posing naked for a men's magazine sink in.

"I'm a typical Gemini: naughty and nice," she says. "I can be the girl next door, but it's a different story in the bedroom. There I play around and try different things, but I'll leave the rest to the readers' imaginations."



"I'm pretty open-minded."

Cassie, who has her motorcycle rider's licence, says she'd like to try her hand at skydiving and scuba-diving.

"I think I'd like the adrenaline rush."

And you'll like the adrenaline rush you receive with this pictorial. 





GENE SIMMONS

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

The Kiss frontman and author talks about his sexual conquests, big Arnie, and his new men's magazine.

Words by Paul Elliott



How the devil are you today, Gene? If I were any luckier, I'd be delirious. Every day I get to be me.

What would you like to drink?

I don't drink and I haven't done drugs in this life, so I'll have decaffeinated coffee.

What keeps you awake at night?

A beautiful woman and her sister might do it. I've lived with Shannon Tweed [actress and former *Playboy* Playmate] for 18 years, but you can't own another human being. The problem with marriage is that one of the people getting married is a man.

Are you still photographing all the women you sleep with?

It's 4600. Think of me as a tourist. If I've been there, I want a photograph. I'm a goodwill ambassador, greeted with open arms and, in many cases, open legs.

What were Cher and Diana Ross like? They're wonderful women. Their sexuality comes from not needing a man to define who they are.

What is your most vivid childhood memory?

I was three and living in Israel. My aunts came over and I was doing a little tap dance for them in my pyjamas, and my

thing kept jumping in and out of the peephole. I thought my aunts were laughing because I was funny.

Who is your best friend?

I am. I look in the mirror and get off on what I see. Logic tells me I'm not Brad Pitt, but I'll steal your girlfriend.

What's the best advice you received?

My mother is a concentration camp survivor. When she was 14, her family was wiped out. Despite that, my mother has an abiding faith in humanity, and she told me to reach for the sky.

If you weren't the God of Thunder, what would you be?

The Goddess of Thunder. I'd have a sex change. I trained to be rabbi but I became the Pope... with groupies.

What's your idea of hell?

If I was a prisoner of war in Afghanistan and everybody else was gay.

When did you last cry and why?

When I told my little daughter Sophie I was going Christmas shopping she said, "Daddy, all I want is you." My knees buckled.

Have you ever been arrested?

Only once. We were playing in Birmingham, Alabama, and I was having trouble with a G-string I was wearing. I disappeared under the drum riser to

readjust myself, and I didn't realise that the audience could still see me. I was fined \$600 for mooning, but the fruit was getting squashed.

Tell us about your magazine, *Gene Simmons's Tongue*.

It's a men's magazine with a cute girl on the cover sticking her tongue out.

What's in your pockets right now?

A Kiss Visa card. There are 300,000 in use and I make money off all of them. [Sings] Only in America!

Tell us a secret.

I'm gay.

Have we seen the last of Kiss?

Kiss is not a rock'n'roll band but a rock'n'roll *brand*. We're issuing a new comic, *Superman Meets Kiss*, this year. Then there's a Kiss Broadway play — we might call it *Blow Me, Clownie*. And a Kiss casino with 1000 rooms.

How would you prefer to die?

Inside a beautiful woman, so I can come and go at the same time.

Where are you off to now?

Tonight I'm working on a movie script for Arnold Schwarzenegger and a cartoon series called *My Dad the Rockstar*. There's also my clothing line, Gene Simmons Dragonfly, with everything from bathing suits to workout wear. 



I visited them last year at their new New York headquarters and sat in on an editorial meeting. Dressed in the slacker uniform of retro theme T-shirts and baggy shorts, they batted around ideas over assorted takeout containers. Between soda runs they hashed out possible articles on Janet Reno, Chechnya, and the more pressing matter of the growing popularity of salsa as a condiment.

Did I mention one of the writers was buck-naked?

"In honour of *Penthouse*," Joe Garden said of his pasty bare chest and flaccid penis, a Rosie O'Donnell doll smiling like a deranged kewpie on the bookshelf behind his head.

That was before September 11.

When I stop by Onion HQ soon after the terrorist attacks, staffers are still figuring out that fine line between humour and offensiveness. As evidenced by David Letterman's and Jon Stewart's shell-shocked first shows back on air, being funny has suddenly become hard. Especially when a good portion of your

jokes derive from America's political leaders and their foibles.

It's autumn in New York, so the staff's shorts and T-shirts have been replaced by torn jeans and flannel button-downs. Reno has been replaced by Rumsfeld, Chechnya by Afghanistan, and the popularity of salsa has been replaced by whether or not Lara Flynn Boyle bleaches her anus.

Oh, and Joe's still naked.

"September 11 didn't really change *The Onion* except to the extent that it changed the world, and *The Onion* reflects the world," says staff writer Tim Harrod.

This is good news for *The Onion*'s large fan base, which turns to the paper for its unblinking critique of culture and Swiftian approach to satire. Over the past 10 years *The Onion* has quietly become the Next Big Thing in comedy. Its success is the tale of the Little Independent That Could. In a media world where a handful of corporations owns all the major news and entertainment outlets, these satirists have

managed to expand without being bought out or cushioning their sensibility to appeal to the masses. Their empire has grown to include books, radio shows, and possible movie deals. Their fans range from late-night host Conan O'Brien to *Simpsons* creator Matt Groening to former Vice President Al Gore — who has found himself the brunt of many an *Onion* headline, including "Gore Upset That Clinton Doesn't Call Anymore".

Their humour drifts from lowest-common-denominator schtick to acute political commentary, with the same biting tone no matter how high- or low-brow the subject. "If I had to choose three words to describe us, I'd say smart, mean, and honest," says editor-in-chief Rob Siegel, who is loath to be lumped in with the empty shock antics of MTV's *Jackass* or a Farrelly brothers flick.

"We don't want to be offensive for offensiveness's sake," says Siegel. "We really take pains to make sure whatever we say we're on the right side of the issue. There's no subject we would never joke about."

Take their September 11 coverage. A more timid humour publication would have kept a low profile until things blew over, and then skipped the issue altogether. Instead: "American Life Turns Into Bad Jerry Bruckheimer Movie," "God Angrily Clarifies 'Don't Kill' Rule", "A Shattered Nation Longs to Care About Stupid Bullshit Again".

On *The Onion*'s first day back online, its site received a record 399,791 visitors — about 100,000 more than the previous peak the week after the 2000 presidential elections. Within hours of their post-attack coverage going up, readers posted their reactions on Plastic.com, an Internet news-commentary site. "God bless *The Onion*," wrote one fan.

"I was actually nauseous the whole week," says Joe Garden, who donned clothes after his butt started sticking to his ergonomic chair. "Not that we were doing the wrong thing, but because I thought we'd come off as doing the wrong thing."

Garden has a habit of taking off his pants in front of fellow journalists. Last year *The Onion* moved from Madison, Wisconsin, home of the cheese-head and polka, to media central New York City, home of the cell phone and power lunch, to help facilitate its leap to the



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major leagues. *The New Yorker*, Gotham's bastion of intellectual high-mindedness and good taste, which had previously adjudged *The Onion* "the funniest publication in the United States", invited the staff out for a friendly softball match as a welcome to the city. Garden dropped his trousers during the game while, from the bleachers, head writer Todd Hanson mercilessly razed some of New York's finest journalists.

"They beat the crap out of us," says Garden, by now used to crushing defeat (back in Wisconsin, *The Onion* gang lost 17 of their 21 games with two wins by forfeit). "I actually got a dig in at one of the cartoonists. I was manning third base, and he said, 'I've been doing cartoons since the '70s,' and I said, 'What's your specialty, is it doctors or is it lawyers?'"

Garden's nudism stunt typifies the humour that has earned *The Onion* its reputation as one of the sharpest satirical publications today. Refusing to align themselves with any institution or group, they remain quintessential outsiders. Their style is pointed and political, no matter how revered or off-limits the subject, whether it be Columbine

It's huge — 50,000 students — so there were seven or eight weekly papers. We were the fun one."

The setting was ripe for *The Onion* to take root and develop its formula. It's unlikely the publication could have been born in the savage media-saturated New York market. "Out in Wisconsin, far from the entertainment industry, it had time to find its voice without any interference," says Siegel. "It was a good 10 years before anybody really paid it any attention. If we were in New York, people would have been more impatient with it."

Keck and Johnson turned over *The Onion* after about a year to Peter Haise, now the company's CEO, and Scott Dikkers, who has since left the paper. Originally, the sheet was a combination of tabloidy *Weekly World News* headlines and sophomoric college humour. After a few years it found its formula and started to resemble its current incarnation. In 1994 Haise and Dikkers launched a regional edition in Milwaukee, and later expanded to Denver and Chicago.

While they've always had a strong base in the college bong-hit set, things really took off when *The Onion* went online in 1996. Its anti-establishment

from its corporate server, citing it as being too anti-productive for the coffee chain's employees. (The move came on the heels of *The Onion* article "Starbucks to Begin Sinister 'Phase Two' of Operation.") Besides a handful of Webby awards (the Internet's answer to the Oscars) and the Thurber Prize for American Humour, *The Onion* was mentioned on *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire*, the gauge of cultural relevance in US society.

Onion Radio News, the broadcast version of the paper, is syndicated to more than 100 stations. DreamWorks optioned two of its articles, "10th Circle Added to Rapidly Growing Hell" and "Canadian Girlfriend Unsubstantiated". Earlier this year *The Onion* inked a deal with Miramax for first-look rights to story ideas. "They're basically paying for first rights to our brains," says editor Siegel. "In return, we have a nice inside track to getting a movie made."

On the publishing front, they've released three books, *Our Dumb Century: The Onion Presents 100 Years of Headlines From America's Finest News Source* (which stayed on *The New York Times*' best-seller list for 24 weeks), *The Onion's Finest News Reporting*, and *Dispatches From the Tenth Circle: The Best of The Onion*.

The next logical step is television, a possibility they have not discounted, but which they are hesitant to confirm. "I'm sure it would be a small cultish *Larry Sanders*-type thing," says Siegel. "The audience would change if we ran it on NBC. The bigger the audience the more broad you have to be with your humour."

Creative freedom, *The Onion* maintains, is the biggest consideration when it comes to such deals. While there's no doubt all concerned would welcome the larger pay cheques that would come with a corporate relationship, they would be nervous about being forced to tone down *The Onion* aesthetic. "There's something about people who acquire things," says John Krewson, the staff's sole married guy, "whether it be a big company or a girlfriend; they then want to change you into something they did not like in the first place."

Given their anti-establishment slant, perhaps the most ironic measure of their arrival to the big time was Siegel's nomination by *People* magazine to its

"I was actually nauseous the whole week," says Joe Garden, who donned clothes after his butt started sticking to his ergonomic chair.

("Columbine Jocks Safely Resume Bullying") or Christopher Reeve ("Christopher Reeve Placed Atop Washington Monument"). And whenever big-deal publications like *The New Yorker* extend a hand to welcome *The Onion* to their prestigious ranks, *The Onion* not only says "No thank you", but undoes its belt buckle and moons them.

The paper was brought into the world in 1988 on the campus of the University of Wisconsin in Madison by students Tim Keck and Chris Johnson. It was a black-and-white giveaway with coupons for Mike's Super Subs on the back. "The Wisconsin campus is inundated with the most serious, lead-footed, politically minded student journalism you've ever seen," says staff writer John Krewson. "It's a very political campus.

parodies, like "14-Year-Old Collapses Under Weight of Corporate Logos", were forwarded into office inboxes across the nation and the world, travelling from cubicle to cubicle like the whispers of a worker bee revolution.

"We were in the right place at the right time," says Garden. "We had actually established ourselves in a smaller environment as a comedy source. We knew what we were doing, we had a focus, so when we went online it was just a matter of putting the printed page up — we had already worked out the kinks. The Internet is the biggest reason we caught on."

These days, while other comedy sites have folded into the dotcom graveyard, *The Onion* gets up to a million hits a week. Starbucks firewalled the website

Fresh Schnapper...
Catch of the Day!
Jail-bait
available
on...
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My clitring's
caught in
ya' fishnets!
Looks like
we're stuck
for the night!
IDD rates apply
1456 0011 236 718 331

I'm cold
I'm lonely &
I'll put-out
for a blanket!
Call me now if
you can help...
IDD rates apply
1456 0011 236 718 330

You know
Mister...
if you wrote
my teacher
a note I
could stay
here all day!
IDD rates apply
1456 0011 236 718 344

Double your Dirt on...
IDD rates apply
1456 0011 236 718 339

Call me & reflect for awhile...
IDD rates apply
1456 0011 236 718 338

Pleasure
Palace...
Slip into
something
warm
this
winter...
IDD rates apply
1456 0011 236 718 231

Home Alone!
& I need a
helping
hand.
Call
me!
IDD rates apply
1456 0011 236 718 343

CRAWL TO THE PHONE
& TELL ME HOW
MUCH YOU
APOKE ME, YOU
SHIVELLING
LITTLE SNOT
BALL!
IDD rates apply
1456 0011 236 718 345

Hey... you
like black
Jolly Babes?
Then get a
mouthfull
of this!
Call...
IDD rates apply
1456 0011 236 718 341

Skin specialist
Looking
my latex
love!
IDD rates apply
1456 0011 236 718 333

Welcome
to the
School
for the
Sexually
Depraved...
Wanna join
my study group?
IDD rates apply
1456 0011 236 718 335

Look I shaved my
armpits, 'wanna
know what
else I shaved?
Call me &
I'll talk you
through it...
IDD rates apply
1456 0011 236 718 336

Ever notice how
the best things
always come
in pairs?
Call me...
you'll be
back for
seconds!
IDD rates apply
1456 0011 236 718 342

IS THAT BULGE IN YOUR PANTS FOR ME?
'CORSETTE IT IS... CALL ME QUICK!
IDD rates apply
1456 0011 236 718 347

No ifs, just butts
if butts are your
thing we definatley
need to talk, and
that's the bottom line!
IDD rates apply
1456 0011 236 718 334

Feral 'n Fur
I ain't fakin'
IDD rates apply
1456 0011 236 718 332

Just busting
to hear
from
you!
IDD rates apply
1456 0011 236 718 337

The
invitation
said black
dress
optional...
Now to
find a
hornbag
to match!
Call me, I
need a lift!
IDD rates apply
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Open
all hours,
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a deposit
call...
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My Dentist isn't gentel,
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thorough! For
root therapy
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the onion

Top 100 list of eligible bachelors for 2001. "He was living in my computer room at the time," says Krewson.

Keeping its ego in check may be *The Onion*'s best safeguard against slipping into elitist "doctors or lawyers"-type humour. *Onion* staffers have never had compunctions about turning their cultural criticism on themselves. They may make fun of small-town slackers who watch too much cable and eat too much pizza, but they're the first to admit that's exactly who they themselves are. Each writer specialises in a subject that he or she embodies — even though by the time it gets through a merciless editing process all traces of individuality are effectively subsumed into one single *Onion*-flavoured voice.

Tim Harrod, who could have been a Trekkie if things had turned out differently in life, comes up with most of the stories about geek culture. Todd Hanson, who wears his dour cynicism as easily as he does his beat-up American-flag Converse sneakers, excels at covering the horrors of modern existence. Senior editor Carol Kolb, who used to run the Madison Museum of Bathroom Tissue back in Wisconsin, is responsible for most of their schticks about small-town America. Krewson — who's attended a lot of Packers games — addresses "manly man" issues. Maria Schneider does their turn-of-the-century references ("It comes up more often than you would think," says Siegel). Chris Karwowski does their food-related items. And then there's Joe Garden, the butt-naked guy.

As the graphics director, Mike Loew (who wrote the book *Tough Call: Hard-hitting Phone Pranks*) probably has the hardest job of the bunch. He procures the photos that illustrate articles like "Area Lesbians Engage in Hot Lesbian Action". That story was a spoof on the old porn cliché, and entailed convincing the two butch women he could find to pose for a picture. "There's just no dignity," Loew says, shaking his head and resting his hand on the foosball table that decorates the office — a gift from Crown Books, publishers of *Our Dumb Century*.

Loew has some help from photographer Chad Nackers, who, with his swinging ponytail and goatee, is their Jesus-photo stand-in (which also comes

up more often than you'd think).

As staffers are quick to point out, none came from a comedy background. Todd Hanson was a dishwasher before *The Onion* started paying. Tim Harrod sold sandwiches up the street. Most *Onion* grads, however, have found themselves plum positions in comedy writing. One is at Fox's *Futurama*, another's the head writer at *The Daily Show With Jon Stewart*.

But mostly the writer turnaround is roughly that of *the Rolling Stone*'s... not until someone dies. Most *Onion* staffers have been there close to a decade,

and were happy enough with their jobs to uproot their lives and move to New York. The camaraderie of the group is apparent to anyone who encounters it en masse. They rib each other in front of strangers, get into loud fights, belch, and prop their feet on the table during meetings. Clearly, this publication is more than a job for them.

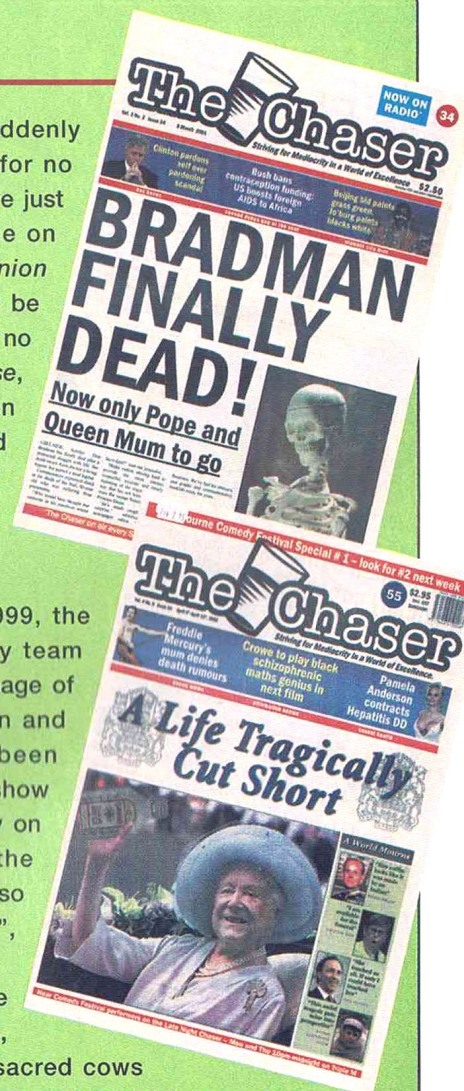
"It's like you're high school friends and you know each other's secrets, and you know who's done what incredibly humiliating thing," says Siegel. "And then after college you all go off and change and get boring jobs and get married and

The Chaser

If one of your office coworkers suddenly explodes into hysterical laughter for no apparent reason, chances are they've just read the latest front page headline on www.chaser.com.au. While *The Onion* did it first, *The Chaser*, which claims to be "Australia's only satirical newspaper", is no mere copycat. Here at *Australian Penthouse*, we always pay the website a visit when we get tired of looking at all that naked flesh. Not only for the laughs, but for the kind of searching critical analysis of local and world events that you won't find in the Australian mainstream media.

Since *The Chaser* began in May 1999, the young, smart, talented and very funny team who produce it have enjoyed the patronage of comedy luminaries like Andrew Denton and John Clarke. Such support has been instrumental in the team landing a TV show (*The Election Chaser*), and a radio show on the Triple M network, in addition to the regular website and newspaper. They also release an annual of their "good bits", *The Little-Read Book*.

While *The Onion* operates under the relatively laidback American libel laws, *The Chaser* is not afraid to slaughter sacred cows and flout political correctness in a climate where publishers are gagged by the fear of being slapped with a defamation suit. Our pick was the headline during the "cash for comment" inquiry in 2000: "John Laws' Opinions to be Floated on the Stock Exchange". Check out www.chaser.com.au or get your newsprint version from selected newsagents, or subscribe online.



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the onion

don't really hang out with your buddies. I feel really lucky I still have that. Maybe I just need to grow up, and this is something I shouldn't have at age 29, but I like it."

They log far more time together than the 30 to 50 hours a week in the office. Todd Hanson and Carol Kolb have been dating for five years. Garden and Harrod share an apartment. Most take the same subway home together, separated by mere blocks in the same Brooklyn neighbourhood.

"We're like a band," says Siegel. "We didn't come together in the cover letter-and-resume fashion. To this day we don't really know what to do with resumes. It's like they're applying to be our friend."

They're the first to admit their cliqueishness, but part of their unwillingness to open their ranks to outsiders is self-preservation. "Every idea has to go through the central brain trust," says Siegel. Keeping the staff tight ensures that *The Onion* doesn't lose its voice.

Though the Next Big Thing always runs the risk of becoming the Last Big Thing, *Onion* staffers aren't worried. Compared to *South Park*, which found itself on Comedy Central and on the covers of *Rolling Stone* and *Spin* in a matter of months, and was then largely forgotten after a couple of seasons, *The Onion* has been at this considerably longer. Last year it launched a New York edition and put out issue number .500, with no indication that the fresh ideas will run out anytime soon.

The stories about them may have gotten longer and higher-profile, but the build-up has been too gradual to reach saturation point.

"We've been doing this for 11 years," says Maria Schneider.

"We have a really solid fan base who will tell us if we're screwing up," says Krewson.

Despite all the accolades and attention, it's unlikely *The Onion* will lose the outsider identity that so defines the paper. The staffers couldn't lose that cred even if they wanted to. For one thing, though they've all lived in New York for more than a year, none has adopted the New York look — no black-on-black outfits, no Paul Smith sunglasses, not a kick-boxing-sculpted bicep among them. They more resemble college students in town for a field trip

"Area Lesbians Engage in Hot Lesbian Action". That story was a spoof on the old porn cliché, and entailed convincing the two butchiest women he could find to pose for a picture.

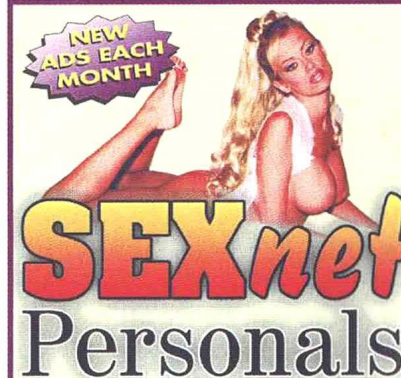
than cocktail-party slicksters.

Even with a circulation of 205,000 and up to a million visitors a week to its website, the staff has managed to keep a collegiate vibe. Entering one of its meetings is like stumbling into a slacker dorm party. At one point Hanson lies on the ground, his feet propped on a chair, and fakes snoring, much to the annoyance of Maria Schneider, who at the time is reading aloud her story ideas.

Their offices in the hip Chelsea district are a college freshman's wet dream. In the main area is a ping-pong table, a drum kit, and that foosball table. Action figures decorate the bookshelves. Their conference table is cluttered with jumbo-size Pixie Stix, half-empty bottles of soda, and a layer of dust. Old editions of *The Onion* and colorful Lego sets pop out the tops of U-Haul boxes.

The only New York concession the staff seems to have made is that a couple of employees now carry Palm Pilots and Rob Siegel sports trendy Diesel jeans.

If mooning *The New Yorker* ensures they'll always be outsiders to the utmost echelon of the media elite, it also ensures they'll never be expelled from the inner circle, or forgotten like so many other comedy whims. *The Onion* just does what it does, regardless of whatever media blitzkrieg it finds itself in the middle of, its brain-trusters leaning back in their La-Z-Boys, bag of Doritos in lap, ready to flip the script. **OT**



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Bobby had been eyeing off the luscious blonde in a bar near port during shore leave. When he finally got the nerve to approach her and ask her her name, he didn't miss a beat. "Phoenix! Hey, that's

Photography by Hank Londoner

my home town!" Okay, perhaps he was lying just a little, but it sure did the trick. Before long they were back at her place, where Bobby discovered that the reality was much better than the fantasy. 



Sailor's Dream









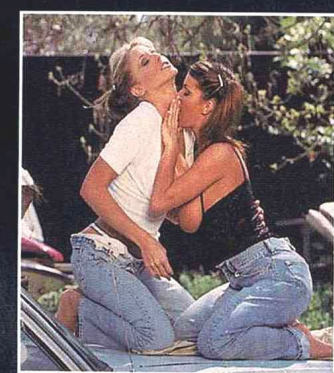
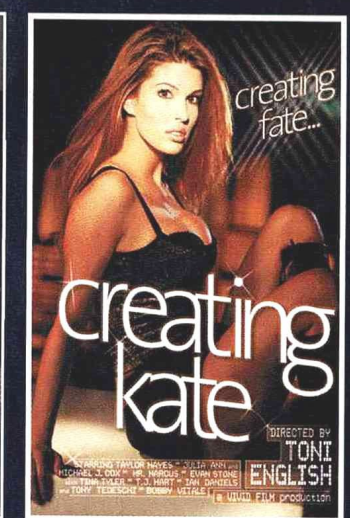
X-Rated Video

The Australian Penthouse Guide to the Best X in Town

Creating Kate
Starring Taylor Hayes, Julia Ann, Michael J Cox, Tony Tedeschi and Bobby Vitale. Directed by Toni English. Distributed by Vivid.
★★★★

Creating Kate is the story of actress/model Kate played by the scrumptious Taylor Hayes who, with big juicy tits, "come fuck me" eyes,

again and again throughout this ball-burning video. And so the testimonies go, largely speaking of Kate in the past tense, which leads us to believe she's dead. Or is she? We first see her fuck a black dude's dick like it's the last choo-choo bar on earth. She loves it in all her holes and squeals with delight when she's humped with force. My kinda gal.



nice arse and long legs, is easily the hottest babe to hit porn in a while. The story is told by her "friends", associates, hangers-on and various sex partners. Hayes provides the come-boiling action. "Kate is a real party girl, the centre of attention, she's always laughing," says one of her friends. We then see Taylor's face contorted in obvious pleasure as her ample tits are being sucked. "She knew where the best parties were." There she is again surrounded by men and women all itching to introduce their private parts to her tonsils. "She was a hanger-on, clingy." We see her very fuckable body wrapped around a lucky guy's torso. "Kate fucked anything she saw." And she does,

Then she's licking out a blonde's honeypot on the bonnet of a car as a guy fucks her from behind. "She was drunk all the time," another friend says, as we see Hayes drink down some man-goo. She won't get picked up for DUI on that stuff, but she will get picked up! The icing on the cake is where she's modelling for photographer Bobby Vitale — this scene alone is worth the price of this tape and guarantees to have you pumping your stick with your fist as we see the beautiful Taylor Hayes being pummelled mercilessly into the mattress from behind by Vitale. Bob uses his prodigious knob to hammer her squirming pussy deeper into the mattress, the squeaking of the bed

providing musical accompaniment of sorts to his organ grinding. Vitale finishes off by spraying his seed over her shapely arse. Who's Kate? Hit rewind and watch it again. The horny Hayes is worth going blind over. — AO Available from SharonAusten.com or Freecall 1800 658 330

Too Many Women for a Man
Starring Lynn Stone, Sophie Evans, Claudia Jackson, Sandra Ring, Tony Ribas, Philippe Dean, Alex Mantegna. Directed by Antonio Adamo. Distributed by Private.
★★★

Too Many Women for a Man is an hour and 50 minutes and seven scenes of horny hardcore action. Something we've come to expect from Private director Adamo. The chic Parisian backdrop provides the setting for this torrid tale of voyeurism and infidelity. Sexual double-dealing abounds as two-timing rat Tony "Mr Sophie Evans" Ribas spins a web of deceit until his two — that's right two — gorgeous girlfriends (Sandra Ring and Claudia



Jackson) seek a particularly spicy revenge. Sandra Ring is always a delight to watch take a cock up her pussy or in her well-lubed date. Her pierced eyebrow, nipples, tongue and labia, and braided hair, give her that feral look. When she argues with her boyfriend, Nicholas, you can bet the make-up sex is going to be hot. And so it is. The two fuck on his office desk. Only moments before she had been threatening to leave him, now she is ingesting his body fluids! Go figure. Nicholas then asks Sophie Evans and Philippe Dean for a favour. He's met a luscious blonde (Claudia Jackson) and wants to fuck her. He's told her he's a doctor, no less. More like a crack quack! He gets Evans to pretend to be "Dr" Nicholas's assistant. Jackson arrives at his "surgery" complaining of pain. Nicholas removes her clothing to examine her before telling her his assistant will apply "special cream from the US" to relieve the pain. Oh yeah, Yankee Doodle more like it. Sophie rubs the cream into the other girl's lower abdomen, her expert hands getting increasingly closer to the girl's pussy. Soon they're lapping at each other's cunts. Nicholas returns and



pops his rigid cock into his new friend's eager mouth. A hot threesome follows. Next Nicholas tries his mate's girlfriend, Peggy, on for size. But he's in for a nasty surprise courtesy of Jackson and Ring. — AO Available at www.adultshop.com or Freecall 1800 609 000

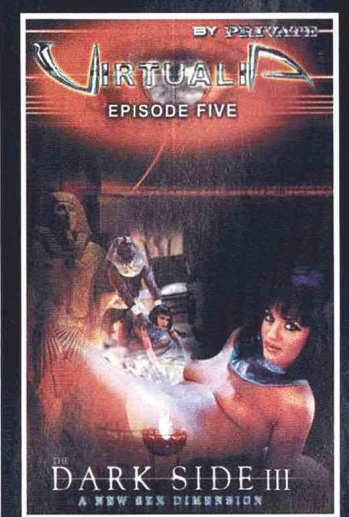
Darkside III: The New Sex Dimension
Starring Lynn Stone, Sophie Evans, Claudia Jackson, Loureen Kiss, Bambi Dolce, Veronica Caruso, David Perry. Directed by Antonio Adamo. Distributed by Private.
★★★

Even if you only get this video to see the luscious Lynn Stone in action, it's worth the purchase price. The babe with the buffed



body and short-cropped hair is a sex machine and she'll have you as rock-hard as The Sphinx. It's the year 2038 and we're in Egypt. Jacob is looking for one half of the Dark Side — a stone tablet containing strange inscriptions which open the door to an alien world — to match the other half which is kept in the museum. He stumbles on an ancient Egyptian harem under the watchful eye of a big black pharaoh and a gaggle of babes with black bobs. You don't need an invitation Jacob, just toot-and-come-in! Jacob gets in on the act and is sucked and fucked by Bambi Dolce while Loureen Kiss sucks the

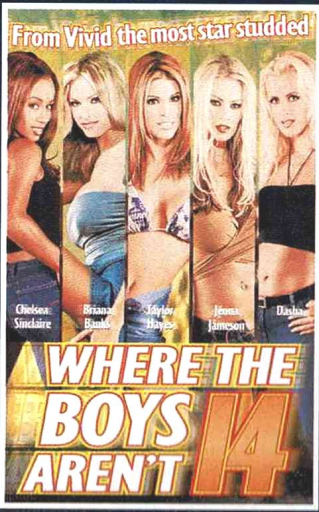
head pharaoh's staff. Meanwhile Veronica Caruso is pumping another lucky pharaoh's veiny scarab. The cameras switch from one sucking mouth to another while sexy Arabian music plays in the background, punctuated only by the lusty groans of these three nymphs receiving a royal reaming. Who's your mummy? Watch as the head pharaoh's big black rod parts hot pink labia like Moses parting the Red Sea. Soon all three chicks are arse-deep in cock and moaning in harmony as they receive their sperm enemas. The doe-eyed Bambi cops DP, all the while looking into the camera with her lust-filled eyes.



This orgy ends in sperm facials for all three chicks. I won't spoil it for you by telling you what happens when both sides of the Dark Side are brought together. You'll pump your donger kebab silly. And Stone, who's wetter than the Aswan Dam, will have you pitching a pyramid and yearning to fill her secret chamber. — AO Available at www.adultshop.com or freecall 1800 609 000.

Where The Boys Aren't 14
Starring Jenna Jameson, Briana Banks, Raylene, Taylor Hayes, Dasha.
Directed by Chi Chi LaRue.
Distributed by Vivid.
★★★★

A porn flick with Jenna, Taylor, Briana and Raylene. And no blokes? Get out of town! *Where The Boys Aren't 14* is set in Jenna's Dyke Bar — don't worry,



centre. Has this girl turned on us? No matter, you'll be enjoying yourself too much to care. Just enjoy the scenery, as they say.
The chicks are loving it, especially Taylor Hayes, who is becoming increasingly louder in her appreciation of the tongue-lashing she's receiving. Not to be outdone, Jenna cops head from Taylor, entreating the brunette with "Yeah, c'mon, fuck that pussy. Oh my Goooooohh" commands.

Another two girls join in as Taylor finger-fucks Jenna to orgasm.
All the chicks then gang up on Taylor Hayes, but she ain't complaining one little bit as she screams in ecstasy atop a pool table as the dildos come out to play. There's a whole lot of squealing going on — some of it will be from you as you grasp your cue stick. — AO
Available through SharonAusten.com or Freecall 1800 658 330



there are no bull dykes here, only lipstick lezzos with hot bods and faces that belong on the cover of *Vogue*.
The gorgeous blonde Dasha starts the sappho action going when she directs a willing submissive to lick her thigh-high black boots before having her pussy munched on.
Dasha then returns the favour, swirling her wet tongue around the other girl's labia before being joined by a busty brunette for a sizzling threesome.
It's not long before everybody's favourite fuck, Jenna, gets involved in the action. Jenna can hardly

wait to get her fingers into the nearest cookie jar. Soon Jenna's on all fours getting her cunt finger-fucked by Dasha. There's some nice close-ups from behind of Jenna's wet, pink pussy. Does this girl have the best-looking box in the business or what?
Sick of being in the background, the delectable Taylor Hayes then takes centre stage with a bunch of dykes where some serious sappho action takes place. Taylor's in heaven as a blonde tongue-fucks her pouting pussy.
There's Jenna again, eating muff left right and



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forum

A Real Trip

It's funny how something you start out dreading can end up being one of the most spectacular experiences of your life. I'd definitely not been looking forward to this trip with my family. I'd just turned 19, and had been looking forward to spending the summer with my friends at home before starting university. But my parents pleaded and pleaded with me. It was either give in to them or put up with their resentment for the rest of my life.

I was lying on the beach feeling sorry for myself one morning, when out of the corner of my eye I noticed a man checking me out. He was 35 or so, tall, medium build, dark hair and eyes so intense they seemed to pierce right through me. Of course I pretended not to notice. But actually I was quite flattered, as any woman is when a man is imagining her naked. Flattery is a drug for us.

"Hi," he said coming over to the spot where I was sunbaking. His voice was deep and warm. I rolled over to face him. Up close he was even nicer-looking. His eyes travelled, not so discreetly, from the big tits that jutted out of my bikini top down to my skimpy G-string.

"I'm Russell," the man said. "What's your name?"

I told him, and we got to talking. I soon found myself melting under his charm and his sexy looks. Before I knew it I was agreeing to go back to his house with him. I was aware of how foolish I was being, but I couldn't help myself. At that moment my wet pussy had more influence over me than my intellect. I was 19, curious and horny.

At his house Russell and I talked for a while, and then, as if it was the most natural thing in the world, we drifted into his bedroom. I stood there dumbfounded as he started to take his clothes off. His cock was huge, and very hard. I kept staring at it, fascinated. Russell, on the

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other hand, looked bewildered as he saw me staring at him. "Wait a minute," he said. "You're not a virgin, are you?"

I nodded.

"But you're 19! You chicks are screwing way younger than that nowadays."

"Well," I said, "I didn't want my first time to be with some pimply-faced boy who'd come in 10 seconds."

Russell grinned. "Well, you've come to the right guy." He started squeezing my tits as he undid the string of my top. "What have you done?" he murmured.

"Well, a guy ate my pussy once. I liked that. But I'd love to try to suck your cock," I told him boldly.

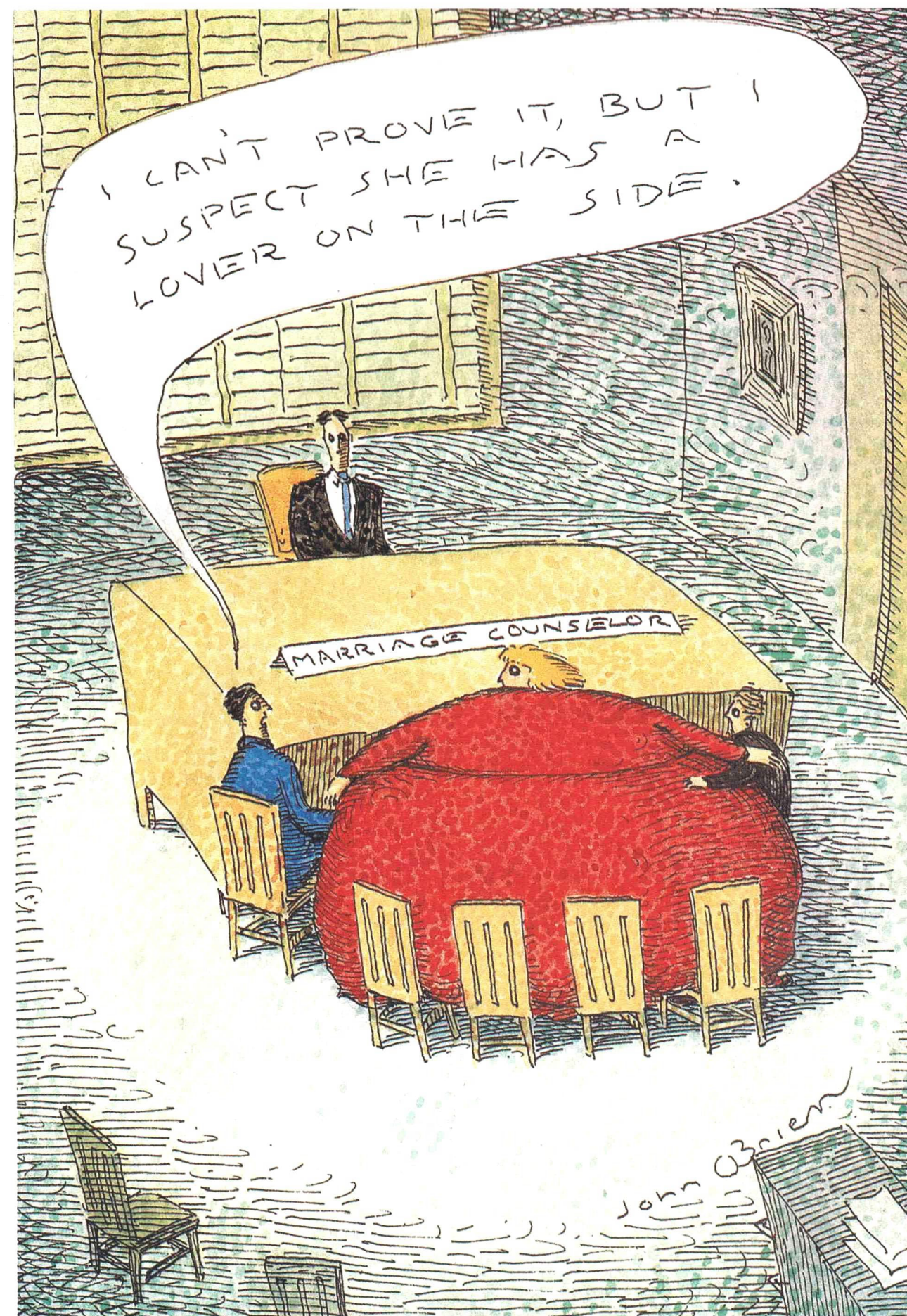
"Don't let me stop you!" he said. He lay down on his bed and I crouched over him. I gingerly took hold of his cock and brought my lips to it.

"No. Don't rush it, babe," Russell said. "Suck my balls first." I moved down and licked his inner thigh. He started to moan. Then I slowly brought my tongue up to his balls. I licked them around and around, then sucked them.

"Oh baby! That feels so good! Rub my shaft while you do that," he instructed,

and I was only too happy to comply. His balls filled my mouth as I rubbed my hands up and down his throbbing cock. "Suck it now," he moaned. I felt his hands on my head as I released his balls and took his hard pole between my lips. I took in as much as I could. Soon I was sucking the whole thing, my lips moving up and down as I licked around and around with my tongue at the same time. Russell was grunting loudly, and his cock seemed to have a life of its own as it throbbed in my mouth. Then his body arched off the bed, and suddenly a burst of his come shot down my throat. It was warm and salty and tasted better than I'd thought it would. I swallowed the rest of it as it burst from his cock, and licked my lips when he was finished.

"That was mindblowing," Russell grinned. "You're a born cocksucker, aren't you? Your first time with a dick in your mouth, and you knew by instinct what to do." He sat up. "Lie down," he told me. "Now it's time for me to screw that pussy of yours." I lay down and Russell pulled off my bikini bottom. "Wow, your pussy's so wet! You are one hot girl," he said as



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he started playing with my tits. He kneaded them and twirled my hard nipples around with his fingers. I started to moan as he sucked on them.

My pussy was quivering, aching to be touched. I groaned with pleasure as he started to play with my pussy lips. He stuck a finger deep in my cunt, then pumped it in and out until I was shaking. He spread my legs apart and grinned at me as he brought his cock to my entrance. I felt the first inch of his cock pushing into my hole, and I cried out with delight, spreading my legs wider.

"You are so tight," he groaned, pushing harder. I was too soaking wet to feel any pain. Russell arched himself, and then with one wild thrust he pushed his entire cock up my cunt. He picked up my legs and held them high in the air. His cock felt as though it was filling up my entire body. I thought I would go crazy with pleasure as he thrust in and out of my cunt. In and out, in and out. The bed shook violently as my body bounced with the force of his powerful screwing.

"Keep fucking me!" I cried. "It feels so good!" In my wildest fantasies I'd had no idea just how unbelievable it would feel to have a cock up my cunt.

My words spurred him on to screw my pussy even harder. His cock thrust and rammed all the way inside me, again and again. Suddenly I was seized with an intense feeling such as I'd never known before. I cried out as my pussy juices flowed wildly. My wetness turned him on even more, and he cried out also, his body stiffening as he pushed into me further than ever. At the last minute he pulled out, and his come shot out over my titties and my belly.

He and I lay together relaxing while I tried to absorb the wonderful thing that had just happened to me. I can't tell you how grateful I was to my parents for making me take this trip! — *Name and address withheld*

Garbage Man Gets His

A few years back I used to work a garbage route in an upper-class suburb. I always

took real pride in my work. I kept the bins nice and neat, and never left a mess around the trash area. Once in a while one of the home owners would compliment me on my work, but not often.

I used to see a lot of the things that went on in that wealthy suburb. I noticed the Australia Post truck that parked for an hour in front of the same home every Friday, while the driver was obviously dallying with the lady of the house. I saw bored housewives making trysts all the time with their contractors or landscape gardeners or pool cleaners. But it never happened to me. Most of the women didn't want anything to do with me; I was just the low-life garbo.

Then one day, halfway through my Wednesday route, I stopped in front of a big house on a dead-end street. It was something like 30 degrees already, and sweat was dripping down my arms and chest. I opened the lid of the garbage can, and right on the top was a porno tape, still in the box. The title was *Older Women, Younger Guys*. There was a pair of pink silk panties lying next to the tape.

I looked up at the house, trying to see through the windows, but I couldn't see anything or anybody. Then, the next Wednesday, when I got to the house again, I lifted the garbage lid to find a pair of black high heels, and pink nylon stockings. Now I knew something was up, and my heart started pounding. I looked up, and this time I saw a beautiful blonde in the window. She must have been about 40 or so.

She signalled for me to wait, and a minute later she came out of the house. She was nice, tanned and voluptuous. She was wearing a tight halter-neck top and black silk shorts that were so snug I could see the outline of her pussy.

"You do a terrific job out here," she said. "You're the best I've seen — so fast, and tidy." I thanked her. "I'm Jean," she said. "It's really hot out here, would you like a cold drink, love? Follow me." So I did, staring at that gorgeous arse swaying back and forth in those tight shorts. My dick was rising very fast.

Inside the house she led me into the kitchen and went to the fridge, bending over to look inside. The shorts stretched over her behind and I could make out the crack of her arse. When she didn't straighten up after a minute, I knew she knew what she was doing to me. I moved



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"I guess it's just a habit I've had since childhood that I've never really grown out of.

"Of course when I'm working on a flight I don't indulge in my favourite pastime — sucking lollipops, although on a few occasions I have been known to fill my mouth with something sweet in the rear cabin." ☎

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close to her, bent down and actually stuck my nose right up to her arse and sniffed it. I could smell the musky aroma coming from her, and I loved it. When she still didn't move I practically buried my nose in her arse.

"Do you like the way I smell?" she said then. "Want a closer whiff?" And she pulled down her shorts.

I found myself staring at the nicest arse I had ever seen, firm and tanned and naked. I got down on my knees and ate her out with force, sucking her pussy and clit, shoving my nose up her arse and sniffing that beautiful hole. I then licked her arsehole and fingered her clit until she came all over my face.

After that she sat me in a chair, knelt before me and sucked my dick till I shot down her throat. Then she told me she'd see me next Wednesday. For three months I saw her every Wednesday, and we did everything together. Then she moved, but at least for those three sex-filled months I no longer had to envy the Aussie Post man. — Name and address withheld

Scent And Sensuality

On the day before my boyfriend Alex flew to Paris to spend a semester abroad studying architecture, we made eggplant Parmesan, tossed a salad and drank a bottle and a half of chablis. I was missing him already, feeling a dull ache of sexual longing that consumed me, pervasive as a low-grade fever. After we ate, Alex wanted to go shopping.

There are so many things I like about being with Alex. We both like to cook, to watch foreign films, ride our bikes, shop together. In a lot of ways we're like two girlfriends — except Alex isn't a girl.

We wandered into our favourite department store. I was wearing a knee-length sundress with spaghetti straps, which Alex had given me for my birthday. Suddenly he said, "I want to see you with a Wonderbra on under your dress."

Why this sudden interest in my chest, I wondered. "What's wrong with the bra I'm wearing?" I asked.

"Nothing. I just want to see if we can give you a little more shape." He was

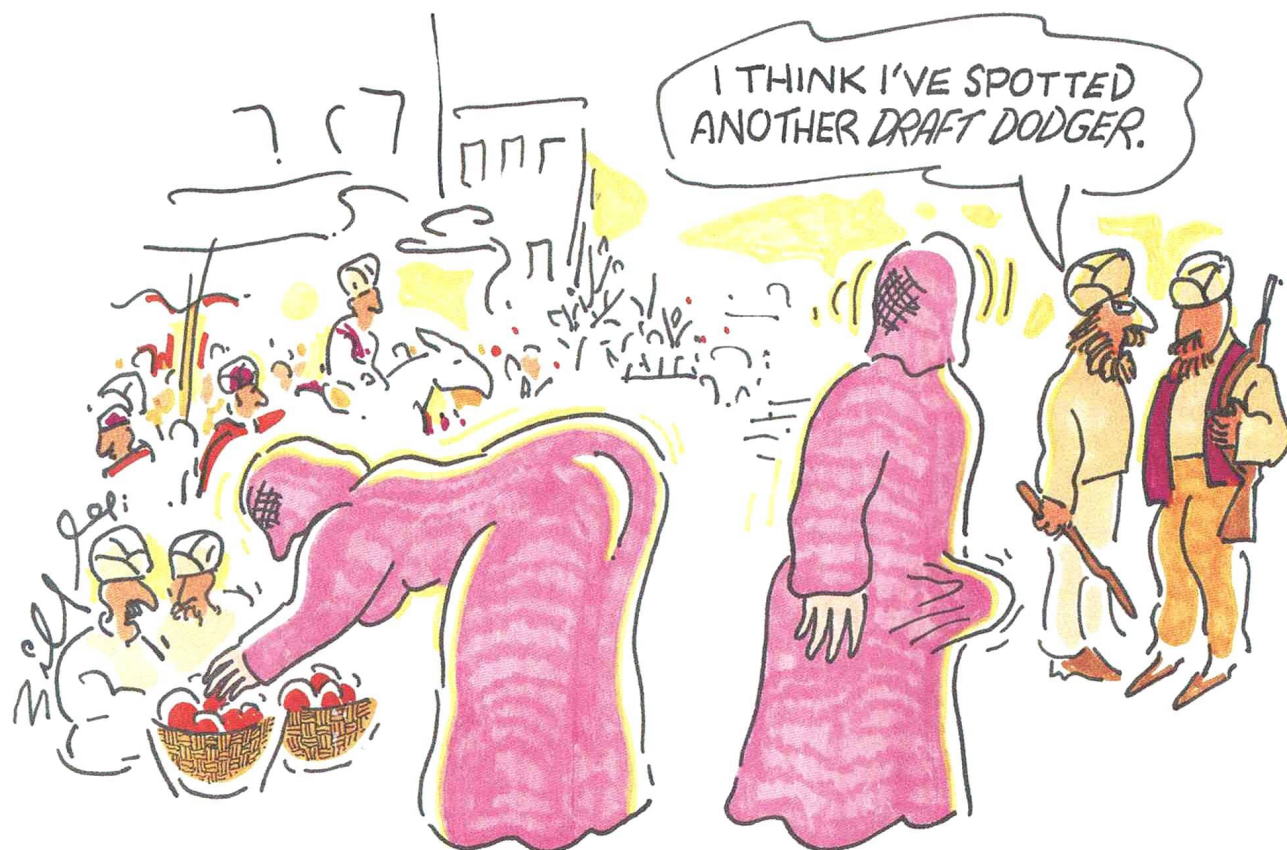
looking at a display of bras, checking tags for my size. He found a black bra and a white one and handed them to me, then foraged through the rack until he found a beige. "This is probably the best colour for under your dress," he said. "Let's go to the fitting room."

In the cramped little room he unzipped the back of my dress and slid the straps off my shoulders, and I stepped out of it. I was wearing a thin white cotton bra and white G-string, which Alex liked a lot. Right then I could see how much he liked the way I looked by the visible bulge in the front of his chinos.

He handed me the white bra. "Try this first, it goes with your panties."

I tossed my other bra to him, putting the new bra on and letting my breasts fill the cups. Then I stood up and admired my reflection. I have to admit I looked pretty stacked. As I looked over at Alex I saw his nostrils flair, and knew he'd caught my scent. Between my legs, my G-string was wet.

Then he was behind me in the tight



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little room, and I felt the urgency of his hard dick through his pants as he pressed against my nearly naked bottom. I felt it straining as my arse rubbed against it.

Before he had time to fondle me, I turned and we kissed hard, our tongues duelling until we had to stop to breathe. Then I went to my knees in front of him and wrestled with the zipper of his pants. I groped inside through the silk boxer shorts I'd given him, and extracted my prize. It was so hard that I had to tug at it to get it through his fly.

"Fuck, it's huge," I said. As many times as I saw it, I was always surprised by how big it got. Now it bulged and throbbed. A pearly drop of precome studded the end. My tongue slowly snaked out and licked it off. He sighed and closed his eyes as I sucked him into my mouth.

He tasted salty, and the scent of his male musk filled my nose and lungs. I swirled my tongue around the dark head of his dick and he bucked his hips, eager for me to take more. Slowly I fucked him with my mouth while I fingered myself

through my panties, both of us getting hotter with every stroke.

"I'm going to come!" he panted. "Not yet you aren't," I said around the thing filling my mouth. Then I pulled away and stood up, turning around and thrusting my hips at him, offering him my arse. He plucked the G-string from between my arse cheeks and probed with his burning cock for my wet slit. I felt the head pop inside, and with one well-oiled push he filled me entirely. That was all it took to trigger my first wild, knee-buckling orgasm. I had to bite my lip to keep from yelling. Alex kept me from falling while my spasming vagina milked the huge pole that was buried inside me.

Four full-length mirrors surrounded us, and now we watched ourselves as we started again, Alex slowly thrusting into me as I pushed back against him. The delicious friction fuelled our urgency, and soon we were moving faster. I slid my hand between my legs and felt his oily organ moving in and out of me. Then I slipped my fingers inside my G-string and

played with my clit, which was rigid.

I could tell that he was about ready to shoot. His eyes squint when he's about to come, and he looks as if he's in extreme pain. He pulled my hips against his pelvis and I felt him swell and pulse with release. Then my second orgasm flooded through me. That's one thing I love about being a woman — the orgasms just keep coming.

We stood together, breathing hard. I felt him softening, and then I felt the sticky wetness draining down the inside of my thighs. I fumbled through my purse for some tissues. My soaked G-string was useless, and I pulled it off and dropped it on the floor. Alex picked it up and put it in his pocket.

"What are you going to do with my panties?" I demanded.

"I'll take them to Paris with me," he said. "When I smell them I'll think of you."

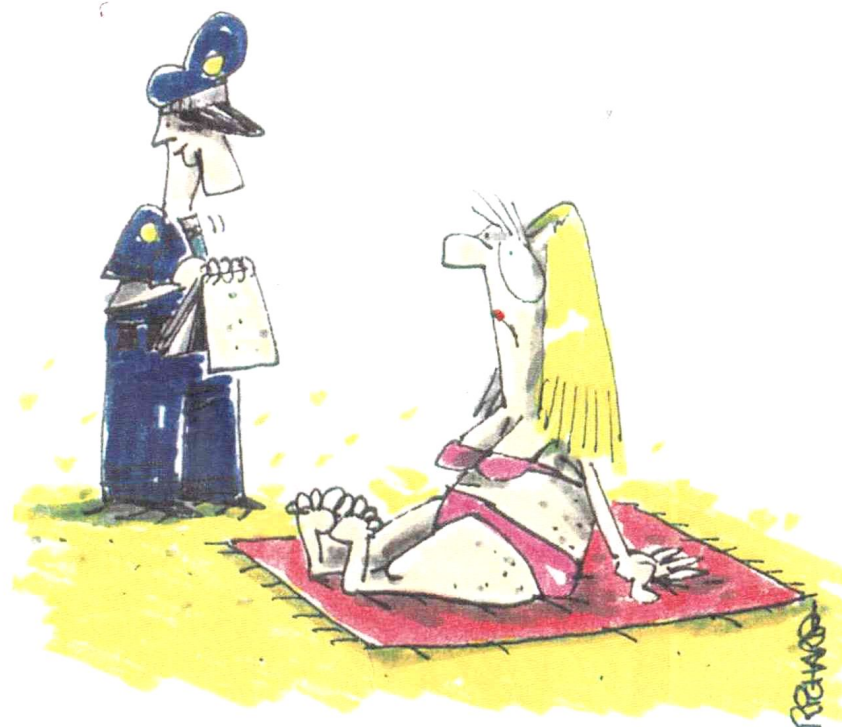
"You'd better," I told him, and we laughed together as we left the tiny dressing room, now filled with the unmistakable scent of sex. I wondered what the next occupant would think. Well, that was her problem! — *Name and address withheld*

Strangers On A Train

I wouldn't be at all surprised to be pulled over by a cop one day, and be charged with driving under the influence of sperm. My thirst for man-come preoccupies every moment of every day. Some might label this a sexual addiction. I call it pleasure. I love the creamy feel of come on my tongue. I enjoy the heat and intensity of an exploding cock spraying jism at the back of my throat. And I so savour the rich flavour as that creamy man-come slithers down my thirsty gullet. When I think how much sperm I've swallowed over the last few years, I reckon it's enough to populate a city.

If I'm at work or on the train, I'll fantasise about the men nearby. In my twenties, with the world before me, I want to grab life by the reins and go for a wild ride.

The fact is that most men can't resist my gym-trained figure. The guys at my office are forever mentally undressing me. And so are the strangers on the train at night. If you're a guy and happen to be in my vicinity, be advised. I'm watching you. I'm wondering how big and bloated your balls are. I'm fantasising about your erect cock. How thick is it? How long?



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How strong? How deep will it go?

One man I answered these questions with recently was Dan. He's my latest recipient of pleasure, and one who will always remember the oral ecstasy I provided his penis. He's middle-aged but still good-looking, with an athlete's figure. He looks like a jogger, thin and wiry.

His eyes were wide with wonder as he sat opposite me night after night on the North Shore line, and in them was such a yearning, almost sad look. With a small briefcase on his lap, probably being bumped by his boner, he'd steal glances at me.

Last evening, our final stop was coming up. It was his habit to smile at me and nod a goodnight greeting before leaving the train. This time it was different. I wanted to get close to this guy. Before the train reached the station, I deliberately crossed my legs, my short skirt climbing over my fleshy thighs. His face reddened, and I knew his time was now.

Exiting the train, we stepped into a torrential downpour. I dreaded the thought

of waiting in a taxi queue. But I suspected I wouldn't have to, and I was right, as my unknown yet familiar fellow passenger inched closer and asked, "Can I give you a lift?"

I nodded with a smile and moved against him. I surprised him with a light teasing kiss of gratitude, and we hurried to his car. It was at the end of the car park, with a streetlight affording enough brightness to see by. I saw his growing bulge and grabbed him there. I held onto his groin as I pushed myself against him, my tongue teasing its way into this stranger's mouth as my lips sucked the breath from him.

I felt his hands fondling my titties as we kissed. I broke from him then, and at my request he opened the car door so I could sit down as he stood before me. In seconds I'd fished his fuck-rod free.

It was so warm and willing. "You have such a beautiful cock," I crooned. "May I kiss it and drink down your creamy come?"

"Oh my god!" he blurted, almost in tears. "My wife never does that. Never."

Then with eyes as wide as a child's on Christmas morning, Dan watched as I engulfed him. He gasped as my tight wet lips closed around his boner, his heavy hard-on soon weighing down my tongue. Closing my lips around him, I just sucked and sucked.

His pointy cockhead brushed the roof of my mouth with jabbing thrusts of joy. Tearing my wet lips from his stiffness, I held his cock tightly and spoke in sex-crazed fashion. "I'm so thirsty for your come. I can't wait to swallow it."

I'm certain he was ready to shoot his spunk, but I prolonged the pleasure by applying my special technique, the scrotal pull. I wanted to further savour the sensation of his tasty cock. Using my thumb and forefinger, I gently grasped the skin between his love sacs and slowly pulled down. This erotic technique always works, putting a man's lust in limbo without chasing it away. A low, flat moan escaped him as his climax was put on hold. That enabled me to further apply wet affection to his cock.

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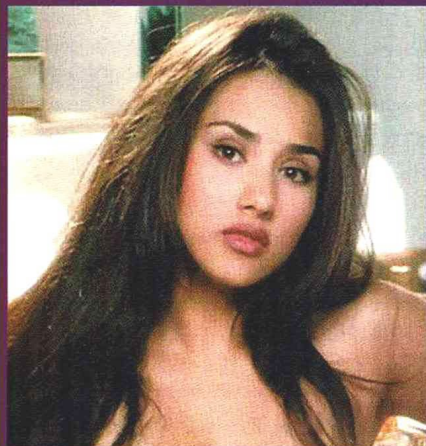
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I used the tip of my tongue to penetrate his pee slit. I tasted the salty flavour there. Then I took him deeper, suctioning strongly and swiping my tongue across the underside of his twitching pole. Suddenly his hips surged forward with such urgency I could no longer deny him. I locked my lips to his spasming shaft and sucked him over the moon. He sprayed into my mouth for what seemed like forever. It was as though he'd saved up a lifetime of jism for this one moment.

Soon rivers of white joy flowed from the sides of my mouth. I stood up to kiss him, then I sat him down on the seat and told him it was his turn to go down. He did so gratefully and beautifully.

Afterwards he told me he was an accountant, and that he made lots of money for his firm, but very little for himself and his family. He'd needed an escape from this harsh daily reality, and I'd provided it. He said he was looking forward to seeing me again on the train. I said that was fine, but not to expect this kind of treatment every day. After all, there are so many other men out there, waiting for my warm, wet tongue and my soft, cock-hungry lips. — *Name and address withheld*

Sweet Swede

Last summer I was renting a room in a huge house overlooking a private beach on Sydney's ritzy northern beaches. Also staying at the house was a tall blonde knockout from Sweden named Birgitta. Every time I saw her I'd get a major hard-on, especially when she'd speak in that sexy Swedish accent. She was very athletic and had stunning tanned legs, long and smooth, and just enough tits to be very sexy without being overbearing — not large, but very firm.

One day we were having a barbecue on the back porch. Birgitta was getting bored, and announced that she was going down to the beach. Being the gentleman that I am — and because I was horny as hell — I offered to walk down with her since the path could be rather difficult in the dark.

Soon the two of us were alone on the dark, moonlit beach. When we got there we sat on the sand, talking. I started telling her how much fun it was to go swimming at night. The water was usually pretty warm, even at night, at that time of year. Birgitta seemed really interested. All

of a sudden she turned to me and said, in that sexy accent, "Do you want to go swimming?" Before I could answer, she stood up, pulled off her shorts and shirt and ran off into the water. My jaw dropped, and my dick sprang up. I pulled off my clothes and ran in after her.

The shock hit me a second later — that water was fucking cold! I think my balls shrank right up to my chin. Birgitta swam over, shivering, and said, "I thought you said this vater vus varm!" I told her a cold current must have come in. We started hugging each other for warmth, and I did manage to warm up enough to get a raging hard-on. We went quickly back to the beach and started kissing, but we were still shivering. I told her I had some French cognac in my room that could warm us up. "I love cognac," she told me. We put on our clothes and snuck up the back staircase to my room.

As soon as we got there I poured some cognac, and off came the clothes again. Now for the first time I got a really good look at her beautiful firm tits. I could also see that her gorgeous Swedish pussy was completely shaved. Boy, I got a diamond cutter of a hard-on!

We started to kiss again and soon fell onto my bed. I wanted to go down on that beautiful bare pussy so much! I started to suck and nibble on her tits. Her breathing was getting hard, and so were her nipples. She let out small whimpery moans as I slid my tongue slowly down the length of her quivering body, from her tits to her tummy. I finally got to her sweet pussy, teasing the wet slit with my tongue and nibbling lightly on her clit. I started to tongue-fuck that juicy hole, then I alternated between sucking up her juices and probing her depths with my tongue. She was moaning as her thighs slapped against my head. All of a sudden she just exploded with a powerful orgasm. It was so fucking sexy!

I slid back up and we started to kiss again, until Birgitta stopped and said, "Do you want to steeck it in dere now?" Before I could even answer she took my hard cock and rubbed it up and down over her dripping-wet pussy, and then I slowly slid into her tight passage. I slid in and out a few times, then stopped as I felt her pussy muscles sucking on my hard cock like a hungry mouth. It was incredible; and I shot a huge load of come deep into her tight hole.

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Even after I went limp, she held on to me and her pussy continued to suck on my cock. That girl really knew what she was doing, and in a few minutes I was rock-hard again. She then decided that I needed to fuck her lovely tits. She took hold of my hard-on and pulled me up until I was straddling her chest, and she pushed her firm, perfect mounds together to form a kind of tit-pussy for my dick. I started to fuck her breasts, and with each stroke she teased the tip of my dick with little flicks of her tongue.

In a few minutes I was close to shooting again. Then all of a sudden she grabbed my cock and started sucking on it. I told her I was going to come, and she took my dick out of her mouth and started jacking me off. At one point she tried to insert one of her hard little nipples into my cock hole, actually trying to fuck my dick with her nipple! I blew my load hard then, and she aimed my quivering tool so that my come shot all over her tits. After I finished coming she rubbed my jism into

her breasts, moaning happily.

We collapsed and slept through until the next morning, when Birgitta woke me up by sucking on my cock, which got instantly hard again. She straddled me and began to ride me, setting a moderate pace that felt sexy as hell. Once again those well-trained pussy muscles were sucking and massaging my cock. I had her lean forward so that I could stimulate those tits with my mouth, while her pussy continued to suck my dripping pole. This time she came first, but not by much, and we held onto each other as I shot yet another load into her tight pussy.

That was the only night I got to spend with Birgitta, as she had to return to Sweden a few days later. Sad to say, I never heard from her again, but I still get a major hard-on every time I think of her. Like right now. — *Name and address withheld*

Secret Meeting

Sam is my husband's best friend, and he and I get together once in a while just to

play around. Usually our meetings aren't planned, but a couple of days ago I let him know that I was going to be alone the next night. So I wasn't surprised when he came over in the early evening.

We sat around and talked for a while, and then he asked if I wanted to ride into town with him to do some shopping. The ride there was pretty uneventful, but the ride home was something else. Before we'd even gotten out of town, he asked me what it would take for me to go topless on the way home. I just grinned at him and gave him a simple answer: "Take some back roads."

As he did, I removed my coat, then took off my shirt. I unhooked my bra and took that off too, revealing my C-cup breasts. I turned to him, sitting there with both tits exposed. He kept glancing over at them, but made no move to touch them, until I said, "Are you just going to look at them?"

With that encouragement he reached over and took my left nipple, squeezing it gently as he rolled it between his fingers. Shivers went up my spine, and the crotch of my jeans became extremely damp.

Sam continued to play, switching between my excited mammaries. After a while I reached over, unbuckled his belt, unzipped and unbuttoned his jeans and freed his erect cock from its confines. I took his awesome prick in my hand, rubbing and stroking it gently until I couldn't hold back any more. I leaned over and took that shaft in my mouth, sliding it deep into my throat.

I really enjoyed listening to him moan and gasp as I slid his thick manhood in and out of my mouth. A few minutes into my blowjob he pulled over onto a dark road, saying he couldn't concentrate on his driving any more. Then he sat me back in the seat and hungrily started sucking at my nipples while rubbing my pussy through my jeans. It felt great! While he was doing this, I took his dick in my hand and began playing with it to keep him hard.

Soon I felt him undoing my jeans, and then his hand slid down inside them until one of his fingers found my clit. He massaged it gently before sliding three of his fingers inside me. We began kissing rather roughly, our tongues massaging each other. Between kisses, I begged him to fuck me, but just then he was only interested in making me come. That I

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could handle. His hand movements got faster and his kisses more forceful, and it all felt so good. I began kissing his neck. His fingers moved harder and still faster in my cunt. I was moaning and begging for more, and he didn't stop until I came. While my body was still pulsing, I leaned over and took his cock back into my mouth. I knew it wouldn't take long, since he was way too excited to hold back. Instead of starting out slow, as I normally would, I sucked him hard, going faster and faster, but pausing once in a while to bite down gently, because I knew he liked it. Every time I did that, his body twitched and a little sound came out of his throat. Soon he was gasping and saying that he was ready to come. Normally at that point I would have pulled away and finished him with my hand, but this time was different. I kept sucking him and put my hand to work in unison with my mouth.

He warned me one more time that he was going to shoot his load, but I didn't remove my mouth. Finally he arched and gave a shout as he shot his load down

my throat, and I was happy to swallow it all. After that we helped each other clean up and then headed for home.

On the way home, we talked about what would happen if my husband found out what was going on between us, or if his wife did. We decided it would be a lot better if they didn't. When we got to my place I invited him to come in, but he said he had to get home to his wife and kids. I told him that Bill, my husband, was going to be away again this weekend and invited him to stop by then. I have the feeling he will. — *Name and address withheld*

Show And Tell

It's no secret that we men enjoy masturbation. Most of us started enjoying it on a regular basis even before we discovered women and the pleasures they can offer. And even as adults, whether single or with a partner, if we're honest we have to admit that we still enjoy getting off to a hot story or an erotic photo spread. And the fact is that women enjoy

masturbating as much as we do. So why shouldn't that hot indulgence be shared with a spouse or partner? When we got married 28 years ago, Lynette and I were two randy young animals. We couldn't keep our hands and lips off one another, kissing, petting, fucking and sucking every chance we got. But our shared sexual activity didn't eliminate the need for quality personal time, and both of us habitually brought ourselves off in between sessions of shared sex.

Then, one night when we were quite stoned and horny, I got up the nerve to ask Lynette to show me how she did it. She was hesitant at first, but she agreed after I promised to perform for her as well. Timidly, she slid her middle finger between her wet, swollen labia and began to flutter her clit back and forth, first moving her finger in slow little circles, then gradually building up speed until her hand was a blur. I became erect immediately, and began stroking my throbbing cock as I watched her finger dance over that fat red nub. In a short time we both exploded. It was our first shared solo session, and we've been doing it regularly ever since.

Now, years later, we still like to alternate our activities, having hot intercourse one night, oral sex the next, and then shared masturbation. It's just so liberating to be able to share something so beautiful and intimate. We like to put on an exciting adult video, pour ourselves a couple of drinks and set out the necessities: towels, lube and our toy chests, filled with vibrators, latex and other delights.

We begin by just teasing each other as well as ourselves, lightly brushing our fingers over thin silk or nylon underwear. Lynette likes watching my crotch bulge with anticipation, while I am excited by the wet spot that begins to appear on her panties.

Soon the clothing is peeled away, to reveal our genitals in all their glory. Lynette might pull a big fat dildo from her toy box and begin shallowly fucking her steamy pussy. Sometimes I lube up my soft, pink jelly sleeve and slide it over my rock-hard cock. She likes to watch my shiny purple glans come popping out of the sleeve, and my heart pounds as she pumps the huge eight-inch dildo deeper into her meaty cunt. After a little penetration, she switches over to her favourite vibrator, modelled after an

electric toothbrush. It has lots of power and moves from side to side instead of just buzzing. Lynette pinches her thick labia and clit between two fingers and lays the vibrator against the throbbing flesh. Now we're really hot and heading into the home stretch.

Her whole body begins to tense as her orgasm approaches, and she watches me wide-eyed as I stroke myself with a full, lubed fist. We like to talk dirty and encourage each other to climax. "Oooh, that cockhead is so big and shiny. I bet that feels good," she'll say. I'll compliment her on her thick butterfly labia as she stretches and spreads them. Now we teeter on the brink of ecstasy, ready to explode. I'll ask her if she'd like me to shoot my thick, pearly come on her body, and she'll designate the target — her stomach, her tits or her swollen clit. It's really a double treat, sharing your most private pleasure and watching your partner bring herself to a thundering climax. Thick threads of come arc from

my cock onto her hot flesh as she rides an incredible orgasm, like a cowgirl on a bucking bronco. Then there's only the sound of heavy breathing as our pleasure gradually subsides and the last drops of come juice trickle from our throbbing organs.

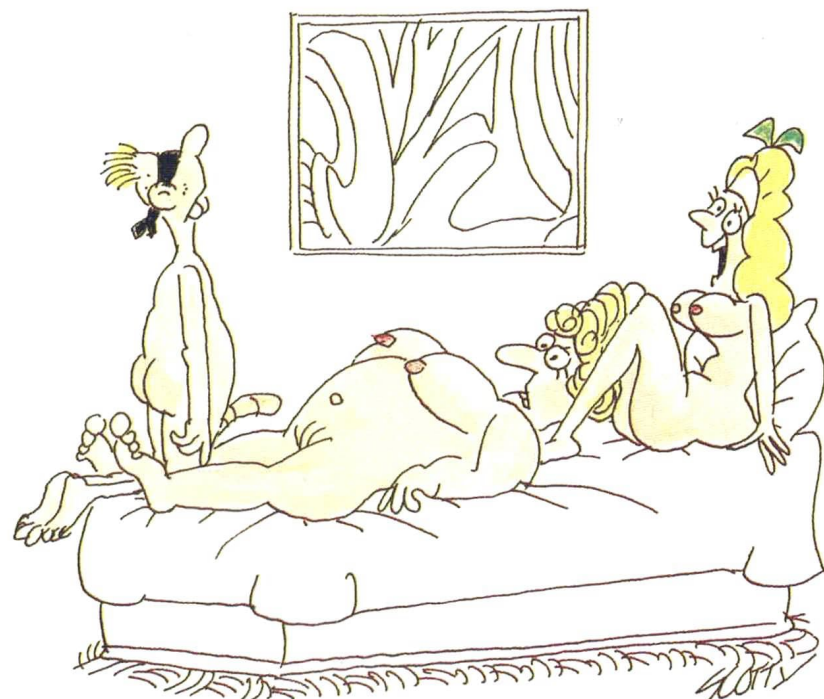
So, guys and girls, don't keep that solo fun all to yourselves. Find the courage to confess that no matter how good your sex life is, you still need to take matters into your own hands. Then start sharing those hot moments. You'll be glad you did. — *Name and address withheld*

Mystery Mouth

One morning I woke up. I woke up because someone had their lips around my skin flute. At first I thought it was great, but then I started to panic, because I wasn't sure who it was. I'd been seeing these two women, Tricia and Alicia. Both were amazing in bed, and both gave expert blowjobs. My problem was that with all the bourbon I'd drunk, I couldn't remember for the life of me

who I'd been out with that night. Alicia was a curvy blonde, with big, firm, round breasts that you would swear had to be fake, but weren't, and deep red nipples that stuck out about half an inch when they got hard. Tricia, on the other hand, was a slender brunette with the deepest dark eyes I'd ever seen. Her best feature was her legs, which were shapely and supple, and which she loved to wrap around me while I was fucking her, squeezing me with them so hard I almost thought she'd cut me in half. Also Alicia was very vocal, moaning loudly while having sex and screaming like a banshee when she came, whereas Tricia was more the whimpering type. But none of that did me any good now.

When you wake up to a blowjob you can't worry too long about anything. I relaxed and let her do her thing. It felt so good, feeling her stroke my cock with her lips. She was gently massaging my balls with one hand and pumping my shaft with the other, while she fucked my cock with her mouth. I suddenly realised I



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Thrill Seeker









forum

A couple of sexual adventurers looking for action send a black BMW rocking in a wild car park three-for-all.

Car Park Casanova

I was feeling extremely sexy one night so I put on my shortest skirt (and of course no underwear). It had a split so high at the front that it stopped short of the one place that men love to see. Matched with stiletto heels and a black see-through top, I was out to get some action.

I was noticing a few passing glances. Perhaps they could smell the session of hot sex that my lover Richard and I had just been having or the "just fucked" look I was wearing. It could also be because I'd crossed my legs to reveal the smooth bare patch of a freshly-waxed pussy.

Richard and I had taken a couple of stools by the window where we could feast our eyes on all the beautiful people. Miles of bared breasts and tight arses fought to gain attention. The drink was working. My vision was slightly out of focus and my head was starting to feel heavy. I felt the brush of a full, firm breast and a very erect nipple behind me and as I turned to look, I was faced with the biggest "begging to be touched" breasts I'd seen that night. Already I was fired up again, thirsting for more.

"I've been watching you," she whispered in my ear, bending forward to put her hand on the inside of my thigh. "Like to play with me?" Her hand slid up my skirt, high enough so that it brushed slightly over my naked pussy. Close enough to my clitoris that it sent a wave of excitement through me. She hissed seductively, winked and walked away.

I've always enjoyed the pleasures of women. Richard's never complained. In fact, I could see in his eyes how delighted he was at my prize find tonight. The wet patch on my stool was even more telling. As I watched her walk towards the door, I wondered whether or not to follow. The V-back of her red clinging dress stopped at the very tip of where her firm, round arse began, beckoning for me to see where it led. I grabbed Richard's hand as we ran through the crowd to catch her.

The dimly-lit open-air car park was devoid of people, and the *click, click* of a



I watched as she used one hand to undo Richard's belt and remove his pants to reveal his rock-hard cock. Her finger continued to slide in and out.

black BMW led us to where she was. "Wait!" I called and she stopped as she heard us both approach the car. I walked up towards her and kissed her softly on her lips. I could taste the remains of a butterscotch-flavoured drink. I felt the erectness of her nipples against mine and I kissed her again, sucking on her lip, and she returned the gesture, passionately. The dress slipped easily away from her breasts and I cupped one with my hand, so soft and full. I pinched her nipple with the other.

My hips were moving up against hers on the side of her car. She placed her hands just below my skirt and lifted it up towards my waist, feeling the smoothness of my skin and the firmness of my arse. She gently lifted my leg by placing pressure on the inside of my thighs. She tested my state of readiness and gasped as she felt its wetness.

She manoeuvred herself from the car and turned me so that my back was against the car. She obviously liked to be in control. Her kisses became forceful. This scene was turning Richard on so much that he walked up behind her and started to kiss her neck and fondle her breasts. I knew their fullness excited him, as did the pertness of mine. He squeezed, pushed, pinched and pulled as if he couldn't get enough, grinding his

stiffened cock against her.

As she felt Richard behind her, she swung back her head and arched her back to enjoy the sensation. I tasted the perfume on her neck while slowly she was building me up with her rhythm. I could tell she was experienced by the way she placed the palm of her hand on my clit with enough pressure to pleasure me, while inserting her finger inside me, in and out. The feeling was unbelievably intense. I pulled up her dress. To my surprise, she was wearing nothing and I rubbed her gently on her now-swollen pleasure spot. She grunted in response and I continued in a soft, slow continuous motion. We were both moving now in a steady rhythm, guiding each other's pleasure. Richard had found his own.

I watched as she used one hand to undo Richard's belt and remove his pants to reveal his rock-hard cock. I imagined him inside me as her finger continued to slide in and out. She now inserted another. Now that Richard was semi-naked, he felt between her legs and gently slid between

the cheeks, letting the wetness from her cunt cover his manhood. As the momentum increased, it searched for the warmth. Richard moaned and as he found it, took a second to prepare and then thrust with full force. She cried out as he pushed himself deep inside her and I cried out as she thrust herself inside me.

I pushed myself out from under her and she placed her hands on the roof of the car while Richard continued to plunge into her, grabbing on to her breasts for leverage. He maintained a steady grinding pace and gradually worked himself up to the point where he was about to come. I knew his sexual prowess well enough to be able to predict that. I watched his face strain as he concentrated his efforts on her. I stepped aside to take in the full picture, absorbing the sights and sounds. There was a distinct contrast between her and I. She with her full blue eyes and blonde hair, to me, with tanned skin, long black hair, small breasts and flat stomach. I could see why Richard couldn't commit himself to me.

He quickened his pace, his grunts becoming regular and louder. I walked up to him and as he was about to come, he pulled out and forced me to my knees. The girl was screaming with frustration behind us but for now, it was just him and me. She'll have to remain sloppy and wet with excitement, I thought.

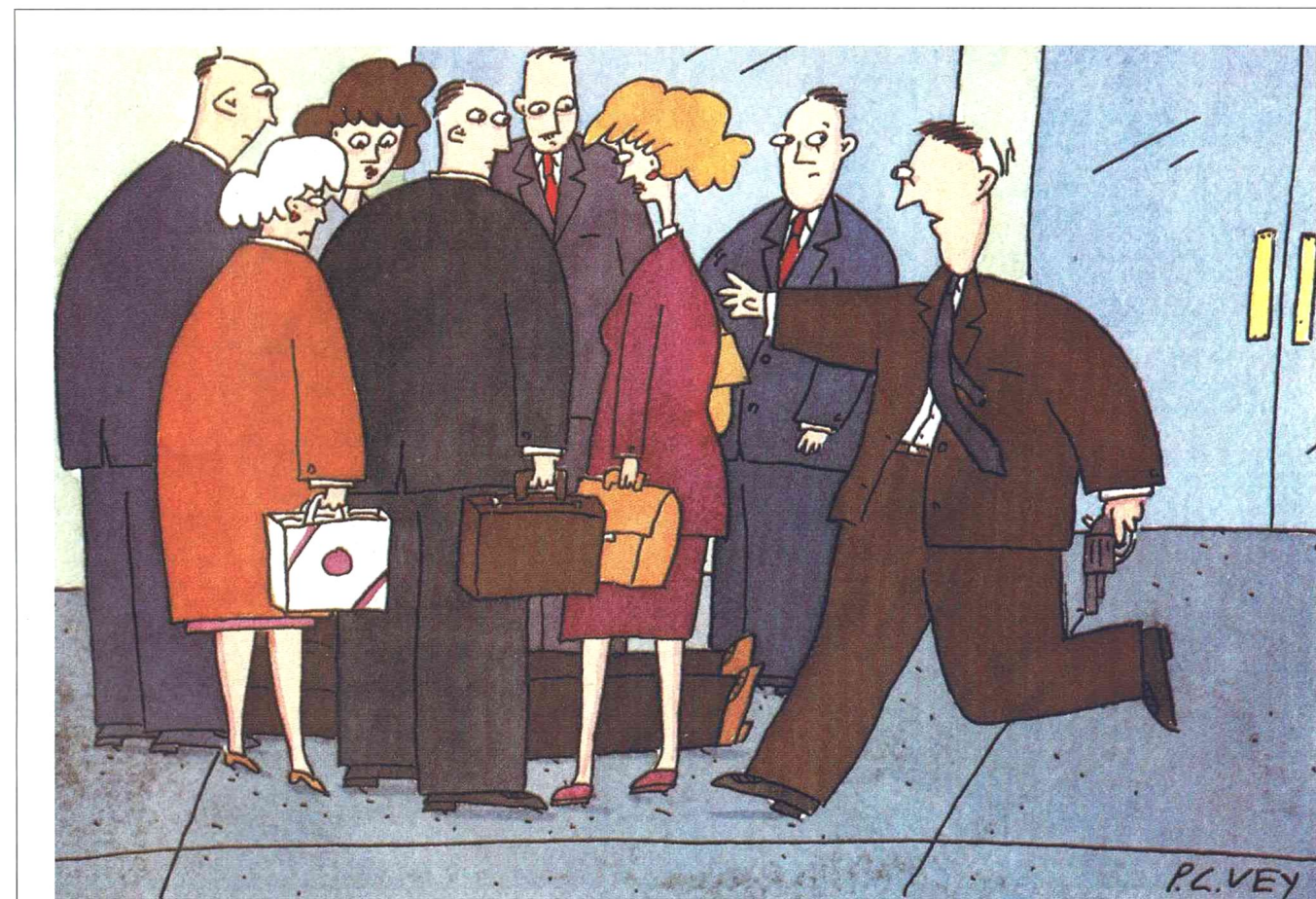
"Suck my cock... quickly... please," he said. He guided his throbbing cock towards my mouth. I could taste her on him and the smell just drove me crazy. I grabbed on to Richard's balls and squeezed them gently to prevent him from coming. I wanted to feel him inside me first. The girl had taken to pleasuring herself while we immersed ourselves in our own pleasure. He knew I could take his length and there's just enough width for me to flick my tongue over him and suck him dry, but I didn't want him to come like this. I stood up to sit on the side of the bonnet, my skirt above my waist. I sat back on my arms and lifted my naked torso towards him so he could easily find where he needed to be.

Still moist from my previous encounter, Richard slid very easily inside me and as I felt him deep within me, I pushed myself against him to take him even further. The very tip hit the spot, sending shockwaves through my body. I shook as he held me tight in his arms, kissing me.

This was the closest that he and I ever get. We held that point of closeness, long enough for me to contract my muscles around him. I couldn't control myself any further and came violently. The spasms continued, coaxing Richard for the finale.

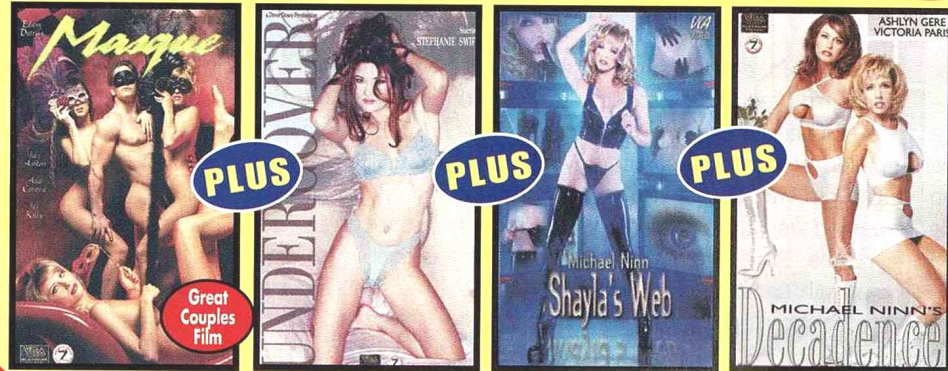
He finally let himself go and pumped hard and fast. "Oh God," he moaned. I felt the explosion inside me and that triggered me to come again. Both of us trembled and as we held our position, with him still inside me, spent, we looked at each other, forehead against forehead.

Who knows when I'll see him again. Meanwhile, the girl had made her way into the car and was patiently waiting for us to finish. "Sorry about the mess," I said as we waved her goodbye. — *Name and address withheld* OTH

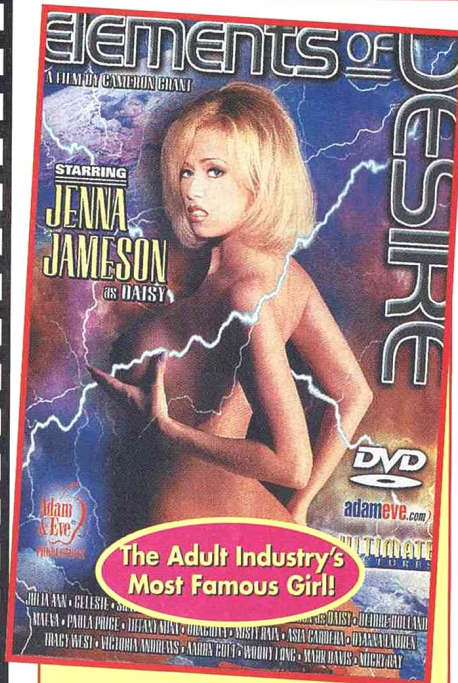


"Let me through. I want to finish the job."

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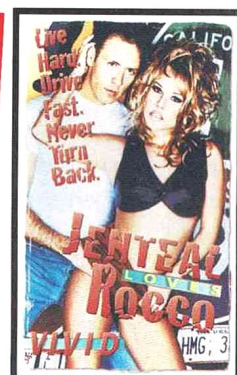
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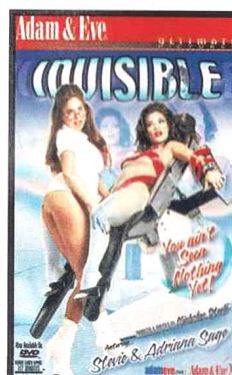
JENNA JAMESON!!

Elements of Desire. Featuring one of Jenna Jameson's earliest performances, pre-boob job, and when she worked under the name of Daisy! This is one fine performance and one blisteringly hot adult feature film from one of the best production houses in the US! A great cast with real natural chemistry. Highly recommended for all fans of erotica!

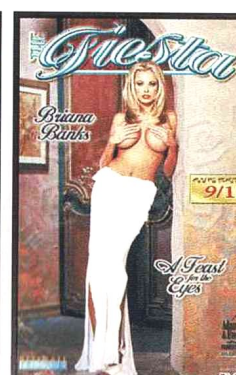
M1747 DVD: Elements of Desire \$59.00
50-3413 Video: Elements of Desire \$50.00



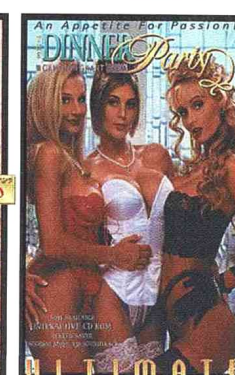
M2208 DVD: Jentel Loves Rocco \$49.00
30-3156 Video: Jentel Loves Rocco \$30.00



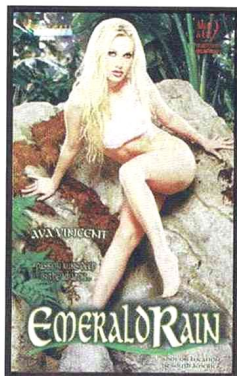
M2383 DVD: Invisible \$59.00
55-5087 Video: Invisible \$55.00



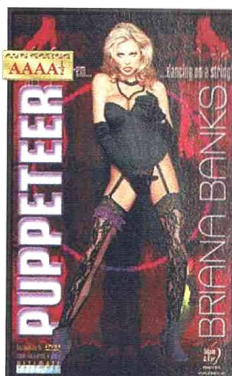
M2380 DVD: The Fiesta \$59.00
50-5086 Video: The Fiesta \$50.00



M1735 DVD: The Dinner Party \$59.00
50-3411 Video: The Dinner Party \$50.00



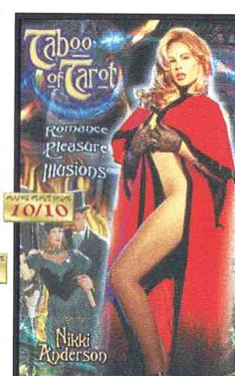
M2381 DVD: Emerald Rain \$59.00
55-5075 Video: Emerald Rain \$55.00



M2382 DVD: Puppeteer \$59.00
55-5079 Video: Puppeteer \$55.00



M2350 DVD: Devoured \$59.00
55-5003 Video: Devoured \$55.00



M2241 DVD: Taboo of Tarot \$59.00
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Vol.1 - Better Sexual Techniques. Typical couples share their most intimate sexual experiences and demonstrate how a better understanding of sexuality, along with improved communications, can actually heighten sexual pleasure. We recommend that you view Volume 1 before moving on to more advanced volumes of the series. 87 minutes. **Vol.2 - Advanced Sexual Techniques.** Discover more advanced sexual practices. Typical couples illustrate each erotic technique in explicit detail. See specific positions and techniques for deeper penetration and more. 88 minutes. **Vol.3 - Sexual Positions For Lovers.** Four typical couples illustrate numerous lovemaking positions in explicit detail. See specific positions for deeper penetration, G-spot stimulation and prolonged intercourse. 51 minutes.

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M2259 DVD: Better Sex Video Series Volume 3 - \$40.00

M2260 DVD: Better Sex Video Series Volume 1-3 - \$90.00. Save \$30.00

M1144 Video: Better Sex Video Series Volume 1 - \$40.00
M1145 Video: Better Sex Video Series Volume 2 - \$40.00
M1146 Video: Better Sex Video Series Volume 3 - \$40.00

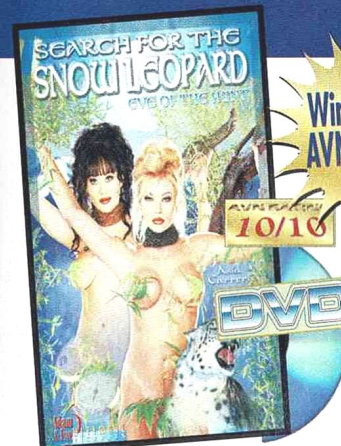
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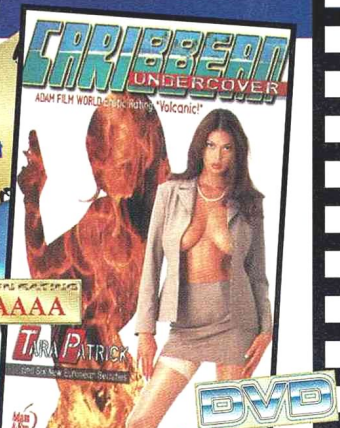


Winner of 2 AVN Awards

Search For The Snow Leopard. Luscious visions of sultry flesh grace the screen! This stunning feature film comes highly recommended for the couples market! Stars Asia Carrera, Stephanie Swift and more.

M1745 DVD: Search For The Snow Leopard \$59.00
50-3316 Video: Search For The Snow Leopard \$50.00

STARS TARA
Best New Starlet AVN Awards



Caribbean Undercover. Sex in the sun and lots of it. Set in St. Maarten, French West Indies, this movie is filled with gorgeous scenery that compliments the girls. The story revolves around a smuggler with stolen Y2K chips! Stars Tara Patrick, Jessica Drake, Cheila, Brick Majors and Micky G.

M2238 DVD: Caribbean Undercover \$59.00
50-3510 Video: Caribbean Undercover \$50.00



Street Legal. Nikki Tyler gets down and dirty at street level.

M1783 DVD: Street Legal \$39.00
30-633 Video: Street Legal \$30.00



Rolling Thunder. Starring one of Vivid's finest, Racquel Darrian.

M2318 DVD: Rolling Thunder \$39.00
30-3166 Video: Rolling Thunder \$30.00



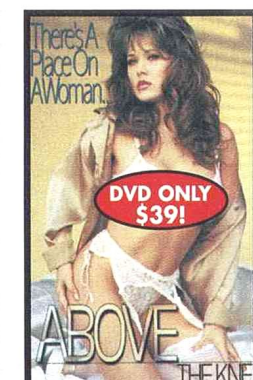
Julia Ann Superstar. Julia Ann, former Vivid superstar!

M2278 DVD: Julia Ann Superstar \$39.00
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Photoplay. Starring adult's biggest star, Jenna Jameson!!

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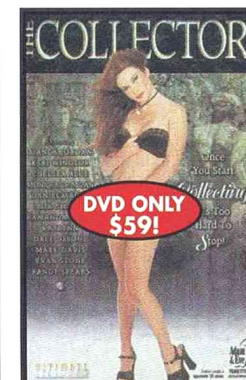
Above The Knee. Starring adult's legend, Ashlyn Gere!

M2295 DVD: Above The Knee \$39.00
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Simply Blue. Starring adult's legend, Ashlyn Gere!

M2285 DVD: Simply Blue \$39.00
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The Collector. Highly recommended for couples!

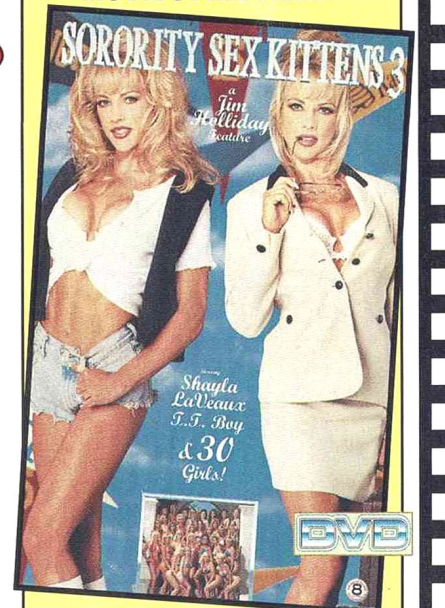
M2351 DVD: The Collector \$59.00
50-5023 Video: The Collector \$50.00



Sex Island. Starring adult's newest starlet, Tara Patrick!

M2349 DVD: Sex Island \$59.00
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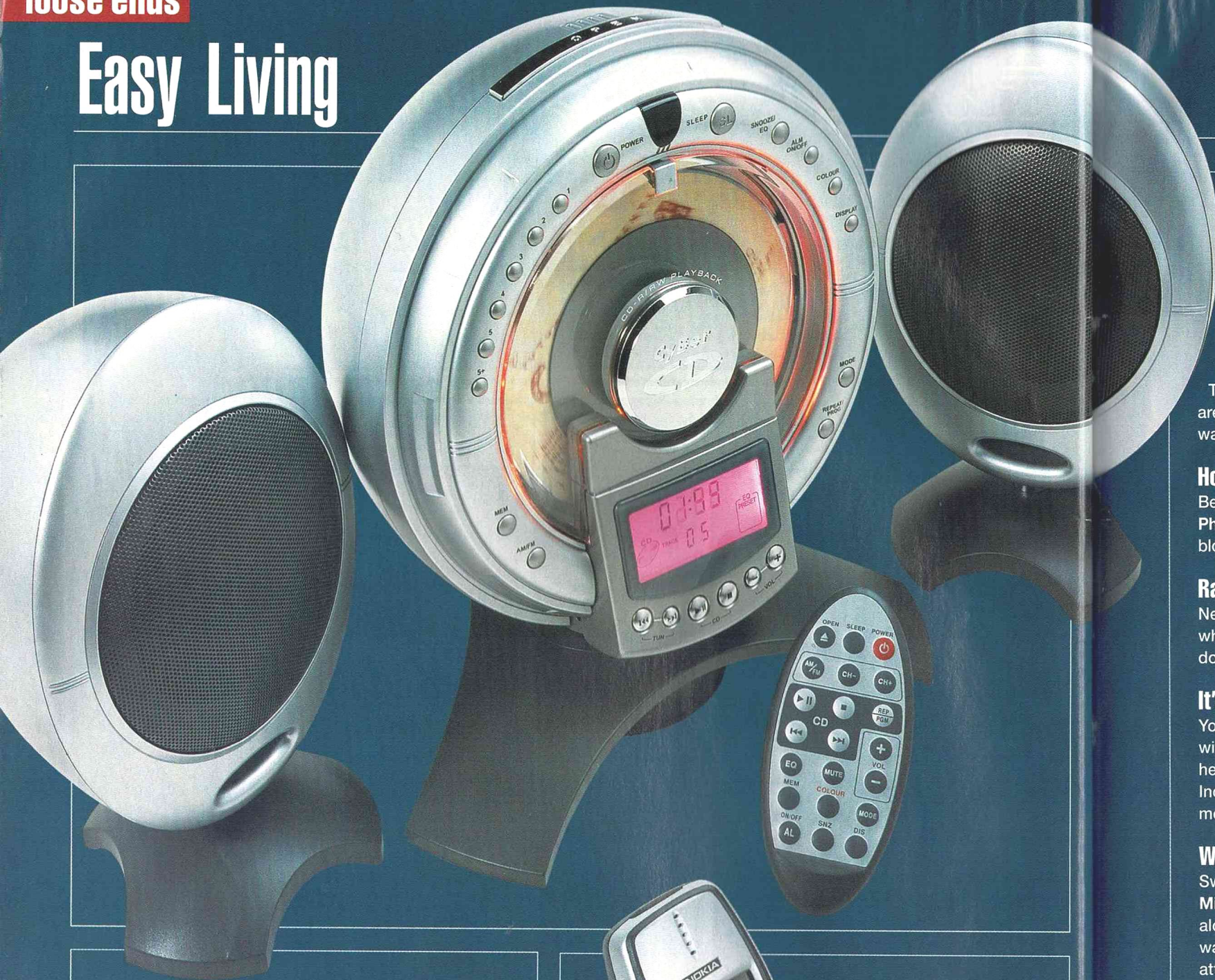
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DVDs: You must have a multi-standard television (NTSC capable) for DVD playback. Please check with your television manufacturer if unsure.

Easy Living



Space Invader

Is it a flying saucer? No, it's the **Cyber CD Player** (pictured left). This vertical player with remote control features seven colour display backlight and an electronic CD door, plus AM/FM radio with 20 preset stations, temperature display and an alarm. Sound quality is superb. **RRP: \$349.95.**

Timing is the Key

These funky little **Aero and Car Key Ring** clocks (bottom far left) are a great way to keep track of time if you don't like to wear a watch. Simply attach to your key ring or belt. **RRP: \$18.**

Hold the Phones

Be organised, chic and impress the office girls with this **Mobile Phone and Business Card Holder** (bottom left). It holds your mobile blower and business cards and has an LCD clock. **RRP: \$19.95.**

Raising the Steaks

Never burn a steak again. The **Redi Fork** (below) can measure whether your meats are rare, medium, medium-well done or well done. **RRP: \$39.95.**

It's Raining Men

You know how it is — you like to sing in the shower, but your wife says you sing worse than Russell Crowe. Well now you can hear the originals with this **Shower CD Player** (bottom right). Includes AM/FM radio with preset tuning and alarm clock. Wall mountable or use the stand provided. **RRP: \$269.**

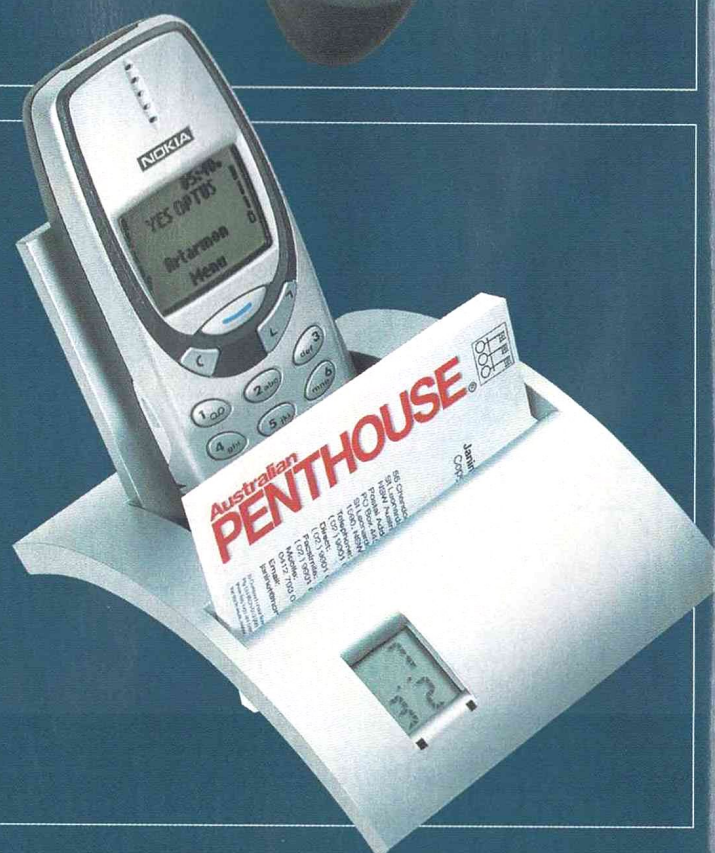
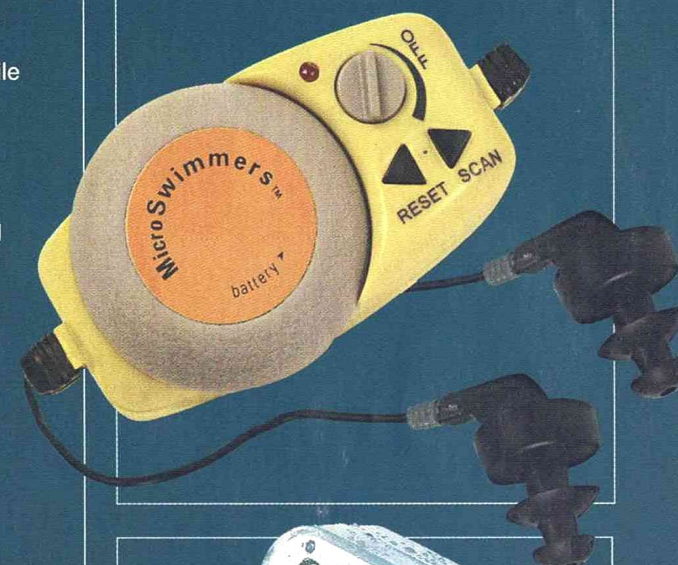
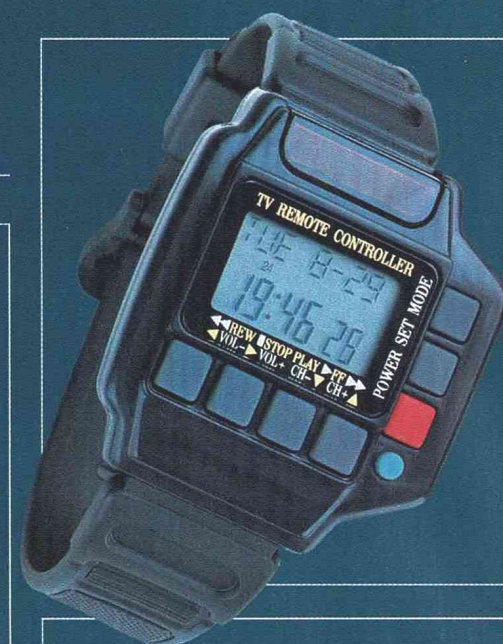
Wet Behind the Ears

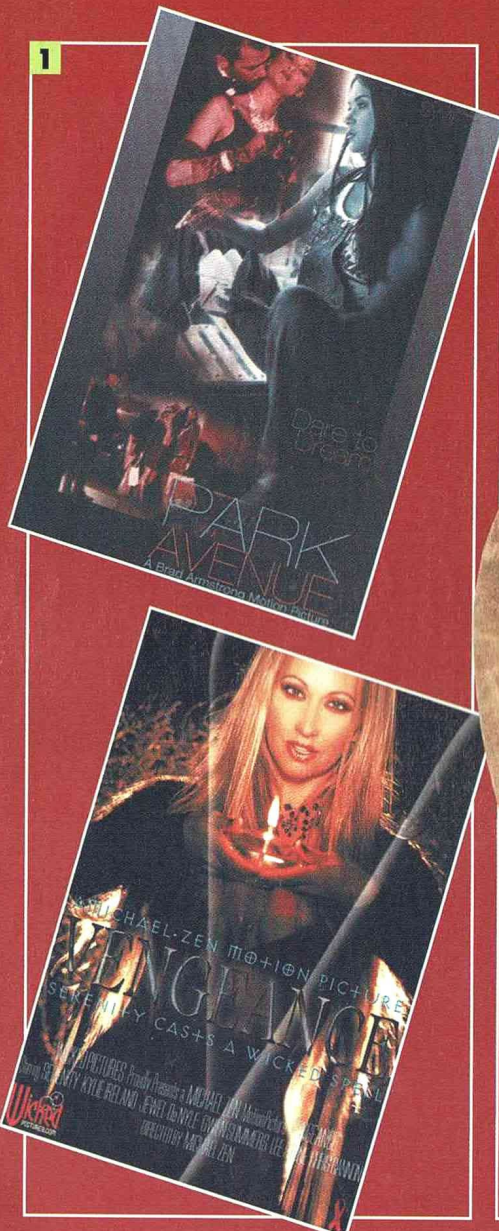
Swimming 50 laps a day was dull as dishwater for us until the **MicroSwimmers Stereo FM Autoscan Radio** (middle right) came along. It has a built-in clip, or use the body strap provided. It's water resistant to one metre and includes extra-grip headphone attachments and a lithium battery. **RRP: \$39.95.**

Watch More TV

It's hard to lose the remote control down the back of the couch when it's strapped to your wrist. Now you can do everything you've ever done with a regular remote, and tell the time, with the **Remote Control Watch** (top right). It has 12/24-hour time, alarm and date. Compatible with most models of TV and video. **RRP: \$49.95.**

All items are available from Novel Innovations. Stores are located at the MLC Centre, Burwood Westfield, North Sydney and Darling Harbour in NSW. Call 1800 266 835 for information or visit www.novelinnovations.com.au.





1 EXXXciting Vids from AXIS

Where can you find Jenna Jameson, Sydnee Steele, Alexa and Serenity all in the one place? At the new www.AXISshop.com, where you can choose from a selection of more than 5000 of the hottest adult titles and watch the action online. AXIS is Australia's largest distributor of quality explicit adult videos and DVDs. To celebrate the relaunch of their website, they're offering 10 lucky readers a double pack featuring top-shelf flicks *Vengeance* and *Park Avenue*. To be in the running, tell us in one sentence why you want to be a porn star. Order all the latest in adult entertainment at www.axisshop.com.

2 Wear It Like A Man

Kidaman Oilskins' clothing range is designed not by delicate, limp-wristed artistes, but by rugged individuals who

love the great outdoors and saw a need for durable, comfortable, waterproof, stylish clothing. Clothing that, like any Aussie bloke worth his salt, withstands the elements and needs very little maintenance. That's why it's made from oilskin — a waxed cotton synonymous with durability. Kidaman are offering our readers a chance to win one of their stylish Black Wool Bomber Jackets featuring full suede sleeves and quilt satin lining, worth \$327. Just tell us in one sentence what makes you so tough. Find out more and order online at www.kidamanoilskins.com.au or call (07) 3843 6911.

3 Be A Happy Loser

You know what it's like — you wake up, your head's throbbing, your mobile phone's missing, and there's any number of drinking holes or taxi cabs you could've lost it in. Enter

Globetag — a new and clever way to recover your valuables. It works via a unique owner number system. You simply whack a sticker or tag onto your gear, register with www.globetag.com and if you lose something, the finder can email you and you arrange for its return, no matter where in the world you are. Top Score has 10 Globetag kits to give away each containing 27 labels and eight tags (RRP \$24.95). To win one, just tell us in one sentence your most valuable possession and why you'd be stuffed if you lost it. Find out more at www.globetag.com.

4 Jokes From The Net

The Internet promised unprecedented access to information across the globe and an end to national barriers. What it's delivered is a daily barrage of politically incorrect jokes to our

3 GLOBE TAG



Big Scorers

Winners from Top Score April 2002:

Five fishing book packs:

S Howe, Qld; M Wirtz, WA; W Cooper, NSW; J Hecquet, WA; T Boxsell, Qld.

Oregon Scientific Projection Clock:

David Wellings, Vic.

Five Jackie Chan DVD packs:

R Steele, NZ; D Low, Qld; J Mann, Qld; C Tindale, NSW; J&M Layzell, Vic.

10 Michael Schumacher books:

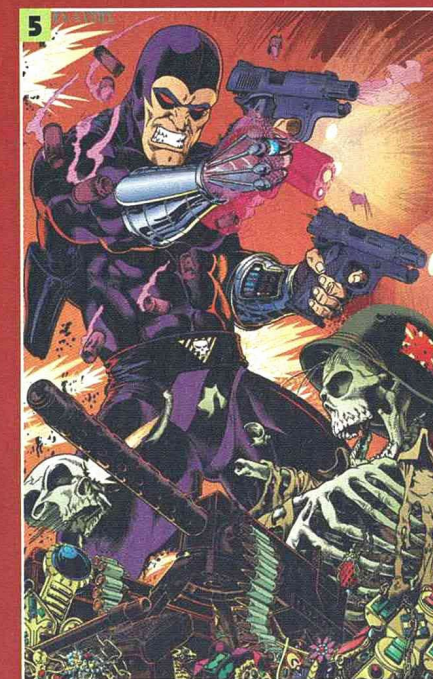
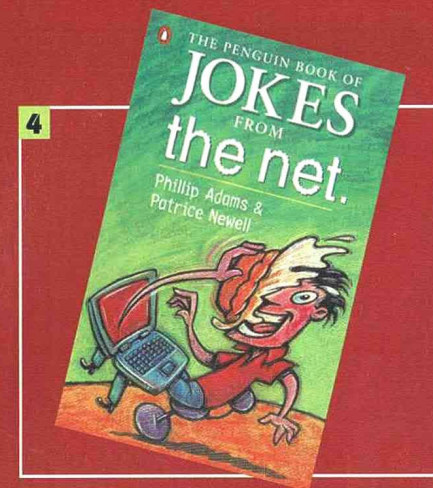
D Davidson, NSW; K Brown, WA; J Monsuere, NSW; G Olzomer, NSW; L Arnold, NSW; C Richardson, Qld; G Thompson, Qld; T Brodziak, Vic; D Lember, NSW; P Ash, Qld.

Five bottles of Tullamore Dew Irish Whiskey:

C Seeto, NSW; J West, NSW; M Kahl, Qld; T Congram, Vic; S Brightman, Vic.

15 Blitz Defence Books/Vouchers

J Wiggins, NSW; J Aalto, NSW; T Groom, NSW; M Clancy, NSW; B Otter, WA; D Brockwell, Qld; P Ukropec, NSW; T Congram, Vic; C Seeto, NSW; W Palframan, Qld; M Hamilton, NSW; C Douglas, NSW; G Shephard, NSW; B Buzza, Qld; Warrick, Qld.



in-boxes, most of which, tragically, are deleted. Thankfully, joke connoisseurs Phillip Adams and Patrice Newell have preserved hundreds of them in *Jokes From The Net*. We have 10 copies of the book to give away. Just tell us a great joke you've heard lately. Make it brief. And funny. Published by Penguin Australia, RRP \$25, available from book stores nationally.

5 Win Phantom Treasures

To celebrate The Phantom's 50 years "down under", we have a very unique prize for fans of the legendary comic series that's estimated to have a daily readership of around 100 million people — a signed portfolio of prints, autographed by the artists and drawn on archival paper. In the set are *The Phantom* by Sy Barry, *Brothers In Arms* by Fred Federicks, *The Chain* by Paul McCall and *South Pacific Treasure* by Glenn Lumsdon and David deVries. Only 200 copies of these authentic prints exist worldwide, making them a true collector's item. To be in the running to win the set, tell us your favourite Phantom jungle saying. To order a set of prints, call (02) 4961 1637.

6 Get Good Head

At last, an "edible" adult product that's actually edible, and the perfect solution to that age-old question posed by women: "Sex or chocolate?" Now she can indulge in both at the same time and you can get Good Head — that's the latest Wild Thing chocolate body paint, the ultimate after-dinner mint. We have 10 Wild Thing packs to give away including Good Head, Chocolate Body Dust, Chocolate Body Paint and application brush. Just tell us in less than 25 words what food you like with sex and what you do with it. Available from all adult shops or call (03) 9708 5177.

To be in the running for a prize, send your name, address and answer by email to penthouse-giveaways@gemkilt.com.au or on the back of an envelope to Top Score, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 4455, St Leonards, NSW 1590, or fax (02) 9901 6116. One entry per prize only. This month's closing date is September 30, 2002.

Kelly —
September
2002 Pet Of
The Month



Life is a Beach

Sexy Kylie is a Gold Coast native who wouldn't trade her life on the beach for anything — well, almost anything. "I just love the salt air and surf of this beautiful paradise under the sun," she beams. "I spend most of my summer swimming and surfing or just lying on the beach. So, as you would imagine, winter isn't my favourite season." But it's spring now and that means that warmer temperatures are just around the corner. "There's no other place like this in the world," she says. "Beautiful one day, absolutely perfect the next. Wild horses couldn't drag me away from this. Although, truth be told, a gorgeous Prince Charming on a horse might!"

take my wife from page 32

partner's legs. About three or four others watch on. Some of them caress her body or finger her from behind as she continues orally pleasuring her partner. The look in her eyes is one of sheer ecstasy, the glow of the low red light giving this scene a real eerie but sensual atmosphere.

I then walk into one of the upstairs rooms and see a woman laying on her back on a mattress on the floor, having her private parts bludgeoned with a huge black dildo, wielded with expert hands by another woman positioned at the foot of the mattress. Both their mouths are filled with cock.

From the other side of the venue I hear screams of pleasure. (I later learn it is Jenny.)

In a small loft above I see a gorgeous, tall brunette lying in a leather harness suspended by chains from the roof. Her partner is pumping her while a woman licks her breasts. There are three guys standing behind them masturbating. No-one is wearing a condom and both women will end up in the harness.

"Swinging is misunderstood by the public," says one woman, who didn't want to be named. "Our men don't drag us here. We're not victims. Women are multi-orgasmic, they can fuck all night. Men, on the other hand have their limitations. Now you tell me, who's got the better deal here?"

"The bottom line is nobody gets hurt physically or emotionally."

There is little scientific data to indicate what long-term effect swinging has on marriages. Only anecdotal evidence. Stories of some marriages breaking up over jealousy, other stories of weak marriages being fortified by this lifestyle.

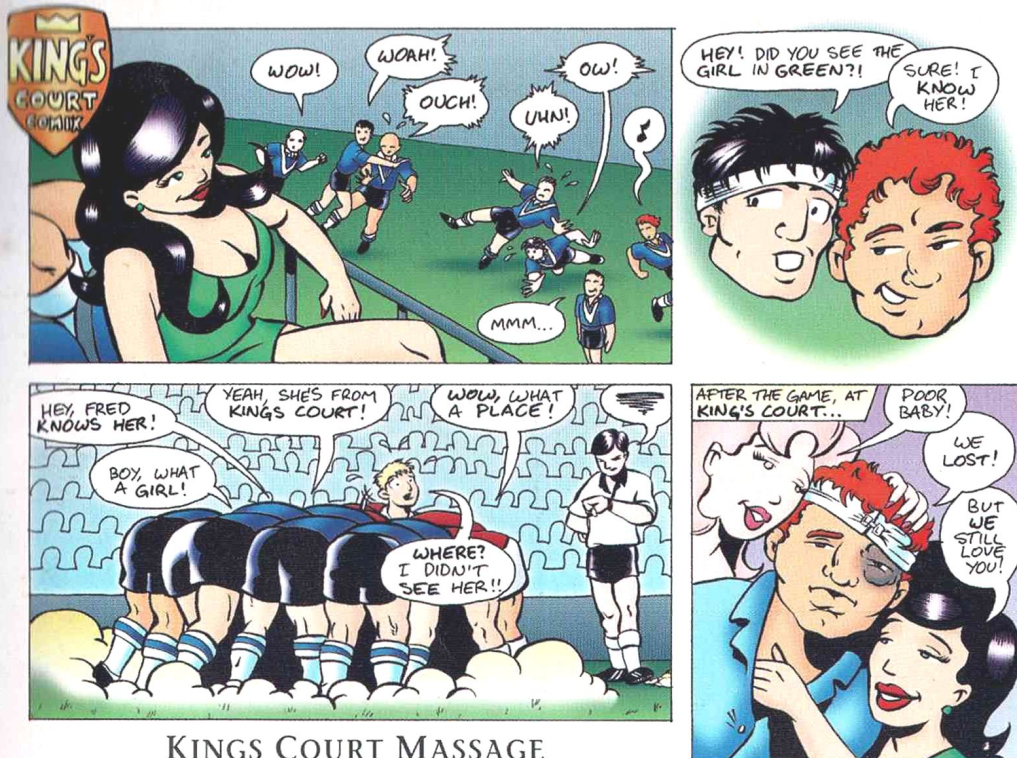
It's 5am and the party's winding down. I bump into Jenny, Geoff, Anthony, Kris and Tony. Geoff is a man transformed. Gone are the butterflies in his belly, in their place a ruddy glow.

"This is a good place to make friends who like the same things you do," beams Geoff. "It's addictive. I'll be back."

Anthony says Jenny's new nickname is Warragamba Dam. "She's a female ejaculator," he tells me. Okay.

I bid them all goodbye and walk out into the early morning air, my research done and my curiosity sated.

"See you again," a voice calls after me. "Only next time bring your partner." O+



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can park in the NEW BROADWAY
SHOPPING CENTRE and MOVIE
COMPLEX next to our discreet rear
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More than ninety glamorous
massage ladies are available to
attend to you on various shifts. As
few as ten on a quiet day.

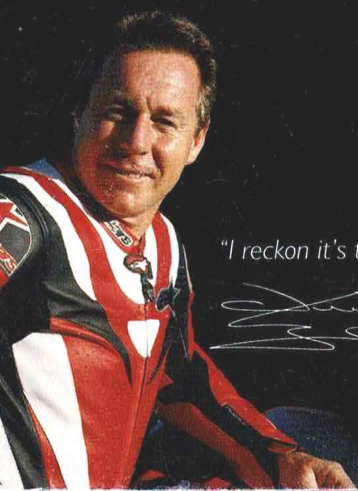
Relax in the spacious lounge and
enjoy the introductions over
coffee. The service is an excellent
adult massage done in the nude
by the lady of your choice. You
will leave with a smile on your
face and a wobble in your knees.

After fifteen years of ribbing from
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has finally given in and built a
new place with bit more
adventure - The Golden Cat -
located ten doors down at 227
Parramatta Rd Broadway. See below.

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